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FOR BOOKS ON LONDON

Memories of London in the 'Forties

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Memories of London in the 'Forties

BY

DAVID MASSON

ARRANGED FOR PUBLICATION
AND ANNOTATED BY HIS DAUGHTER

FLORA MASSON

William Blackwood & Sons
Edinburgh and London
1908

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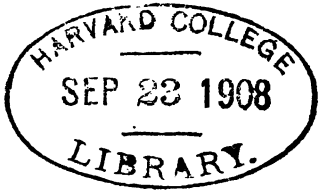

PREFACE.

THE first, second, and fourth of these Papers are republished from recent numbers of 'Blackwood's Magazine'. The third—the Memoir of Mazzini—appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine', April 1872, and is now included in this volume by the kind permission of Messrs Macmillan.

The first and second Papers have been arranged for publication from my father's manuscripts, and were written by him apparently between the years 1881 and 1886, with some additions of a later date. The Memoir of Mazzini, written immediately after Mazzini's death in 1872, has been included because my father's friend-

ship with Mazzini, begun in 1847, was one of his most cherished London memories. The memories of "Our Club" were dictated to me by my father on winter evenings of 1901-2; and, though they go back as far as 1844, they follow the fortunes of "Our Club" to the year 1865.

F. M.

EDINBURGH, *April* 1908.

MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE 'FORTIES.

I.

CARLYLE.[1]

THE first time I heard Carlyle's name, or knew of his existence, was in the winter of 1840-41, when I was eighteen years of age. It was at a meeting of the Theological Society of the University of Edinburgh. A paper having been read by one of the members, and some of the others offering their criticisms on it, one of these—Paul by surname—said that

[1] These Memories were written by my father mainly between 1883 and 1885; and some additions were made at a later date.—F. M.

some of the views of the paper resembled what he had been reading in a recent publication of that extraordinary man, Mr Carlyle. Greatly interested in what I had heard, I inquired more about this Mr Carlyle before the meeting was over, was informed that the publication was called 'Chartism', and was promised a copy on loan. This was by Mr Paul himself, who, I think, was the only one of all the members who at that time was wiser than the rest in knowing something about Carlyle. Having read the thin volume of the 'Chartism', with what impressions I cannot now remember precisely, I was anxious for more from the same quarter. This came in the form of the 'Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship', which had been delivered in London in 1840, and had just been published. I read the book, I remember, with great avidity, chiefly in walks to the Corstorphines and Craigcrook, and

was so interested and roused by it, that I wrote to my friend Alexander Bain in Aberdeen, with whom I was then in correspondence, describing the extreme novelty of its character, and advising him by all means to procure a copy. After a vain search, he had concluded that there was not a copy in all Aberdeen, when he found one in the possession of a Unitarian minister, of English birth and breeding, and more alert to new lights from the south than the Aberdonians among whom he had settled. This poor man, I heard, died not long afterwards by suicide.

Books were far less accessible in those days than they are now; and though, in addition to Carlyle's 'Chartism' (1839), and his 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' (1840), there were already out in the world his 'Translation of Wilhelm Meister' (1824), his 'Life of Schiller' (1825), his 'Specimens of German Romance' (1827), his 'French Revolution'

(1837), his 'Sartor Resartus' (in book-form since 1838), and his 'Collected Miscellanies' (1838), my acquaintance with these, or with most of them, had to be postponed. Some of the 'Miscellanies' I must have read in the course of 1841, and perhaps the 'French Revolution'; but 'Sartor Resartus' lay over for about three years more. Meanwhile I had opportunities of hearing a great deal about Carlyle personally, and the singular reputation he had made for himself among the Londoners.

The chief medium of this information was the Mr John Robertson of whom several mentions are made in Mill's Autobiography, and also in Mr Froude's Life of Carlyle, and in Mrs Carlyle's Letters. No one could guess from these casual mentions what an energetic and really remarkable fellow this Robertson himself was in his day, or what a strange romance, tragic on the whole, his life would seem

if it could be all told. As far as to the point of my present concern with him, the main facts are that, having been brought up in his youth to the trade of a cooper in Aberdeen, but having attracted attention by his superior abilities, and so been provided, at Glasgow and elsewhere, with the education necessary for preachership and ministry among the Scottish Congregationalists, he had forsaken that destination, gone to London as a literary adventurer, and, after some time of hard struggle there, attained what was to be the summit of his success in this world. This was a literary friendship with John Stuart Mill, and the editorship, or rather assistant-editorship, under Mill, of 'The London and Westminster Review' during the three years, or thereabouts, from 1837 to 1840, when it was entirely Mill's property. It was Robertson who, in January 1839, during Mill's absence abroad, gave such offence to Carlyle, Mr Froude tells us, by

breaking off the negotiation which had been begun for an article from Carlyle on Oliver Cromwell, and intimating to Carlyle that "he meant to do Cromwell himself." Mill's proprietorship of the 'Review' having ceased early in 1840, Robertson was thenceforward once more adrift in the London world; but the fact that he had been editor of such a periodical still stood him in good stead; and he found occupation enough, chiefly in writing for newspapers. At all events, as the only Aberdonian known to Bain and myself who had settled in London with some effect of brilliancy in the literary department, he was a star of no small interest to us two. Bain had known him in his early Aberdonian days, and had renewed acquaintance with him in 1839, during the brief visit which Robertson then paid to Aberdeen. Through Bain I must have heard of him from about that time, and perhaps seen one or two pieces of his writing; but it was not till 1841, just after

Carlyle had dawned upon me in the manner already described, that Robertson and I actually met. For some reason or other—I rather think it was because he was feeling his way to the possibility of being returned to Parliament for some Scottish constituency in the then great non-Intrusionist interest in kirk politics—he was on another visit to Scotland. He was in Edinburgh for a week or ten days, seeing much of Dr Chalmers and others; and it was then that, by his own appointment, we came first together. At my first meeting with him at his hotel, the Black Bull in Leith Street, and in subsequent walks with him through the Edinburgh streets and suburbs, he opened his budget of London news in the most profuse fashion. I had never had such a godsend of gossip about men and things of note in the great metropolis. This, however, was but a whet of the appetite for what came later in the same year. Robertson, having gone north from Edinburgh to his native

Aberdeen, had made up his mind for a longer stay there than he originally intended; and when I went thither for my autumn holiday, which was to extend through the months of August and September, I found him still there, in constant confabulation with Bain, and ready to resume confabulation with me. What confabulations there were! Almost daily, through those autumn weeks, we three—Robertson, Bain, and myself,—were together in our walks: our most frequent walk being to the Aberdeen Links, where, either on the slope of the Broad Hill looking down on the German Ocean, or in one of the sand-bunkers amid the bents closer to the sea-roar, we would sit for hours talking of all things in heaven and earth, Robertson always the talker-in-chief, and entertaining us, his willing listeners, with endless stories and anecdotes of London notabilities and London literary life. As Bain has already made public, in his brief recollection of those

Aberdeen confabulations in the autumn of 1841, given at page 63 of his volume entitled 'John Stuart Mill: a Criticism', Robertson's talk with us ran much on Mill; and indeed it was then, and by Robertson's means, that there began through the post that direct communication between Bain and Mill which ripened afterwards into so important an intimacy. But Carlyle was another of Robertson's favourite subjects. It was a testimony to the extraordinary depth of the impression which Carlyle had by that time made on all who were within his circle, that there had been formed in Robertson, even then, that habit of always speaking of Carlyle, always recurring to Carlyle after any range of the conversation among other things, which I was to observe for the next forty years in every person, without exception, that had come within Carlyle's influence, whether personally or through his books. In 1841 Robertson could not, for any half hour together,

keep off Carlyle. He was represented to us as a man *sui generis*, a man after no fashion known among the moderns, a man to be seen rather than described. We were told, among other things, of his terrible dyspepsia, his domineering ascendancy in talk, his sarcastic humour, and his general grimness and contradictoriness. There was nothing ill-natured in these sketches of Carlyle for us by Robertson, though perhaps more of a fascination for what could be reported as Carlyle's oddities than of real reverence. Robertson did not even spare himself when he would illustrate for us Carlyle's relations to people about him. It so chanced, though Mr Froude does not mention the fact, that Robertson *had* carried out his intention, that had so offended Carlyle, of "doing Cromwell" himself in 'The London and Westminster'. There had, indeed, been nothing unnatural or absurd in that intention; for Robertson had been trained among the Independents

or Congregationalists, the only portion of British Society that had preserved a tradition of Cromwell more affectionate and respectful than that which prevailed generally, and might easily, therefore, at a time when Carlyle was but groping into the Cromwell subject, and his views of it were unknown, imagine that such a subject would be safer in his own hands than in Carlyle's. Accordingly, in the number of the 'Review' for October 1839, there had duly appeared the projected article on Cromwell from Robertson's own pen. By the time of our Aberdeen confabulations I must have read this article; and my recollection of my juvenile impressions of it, whatever I might think of it now, is that it was an excellent article, setting forth with some care and ability, and with some passages of literary beauty, a view of Cromwell which must have been then quite new to the majority of readers. At all events, Robertson had continued to think of it as his masterpiece;

and it was with something like a sense of grievance that he told us of a small passage-at-arms between himself and Carlyle relating to this article, some months after it had been published. Carlyle, who had meanwhile been working more at Cromwell, though still only in a tentative fashion, had made Cromwell the chief subject of one of his lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship in the season of 1840. Robertson had attended the lecture, and, having followed Carlyle into the retiring-room after it was over, had said somewhat excitedly and imprudently, "I am glad to see, Carlyle, that you have adopted my theory of Cromwell." The knock-down reply had come at once, in these words: "Didn't know, sir, that you *had* a theory of Cromwell." Though this was a story at Robertson's own expense, it was told without much resentment, as a mere example of Carlyle's ways.

Another person from whom, about the

same time, I received information about Carlyle personally, though more at second-hand, was my friend and class-fellow in Edinburgh University, Alexander Johnston Ross, recently vicar of St Peter's, Stepney, and now rector of Snelston in Derbyshire.[1] At the time of our first acquaintance with each other in the University, Ross had just returned from a residence in Madeira, where an elder brother of his was settled in medical practice. He had there seen a good deal of John Sterling, whose stay in Madeira for the sake of his health, through the winter of 1837-38, is now one of the memorabilia of the history of that island. Alexander Ross, one of the most genial and sympathetic of men, and with a range of literary tastes and accomplishments and of cultivation by travel much beyond what was then common among Scottish students, had been so

[1] Written after April 28, 1883, when Dr Ross was instituted Rector of Snelston. Dr Ross died on February 18, 1887.—F. M.

fascinated by Sterling that he could not help describing him to me, and repeating to me this and that from Sterling's conversation. He was, in fact, full of Sterling,—though then little foreseeing the close relationship into which he himself was to be brought with the Sterling family by his marriage, long after Sterling's death, with one of Sterling's daughters. Sterling was then a totally new name to me; and I was more interested in what Ross could tell me of Sterling's talk about his friend Carlyle. At the time of Sterling's Madeira visit, he had known Carlyle about three years; and it would appear that he also, wherever he went, had Carlyle's name always on his lips. Hence Ross had preceded me considerably in his knowledge of Carlyle, and was able to give me, at second-hand from Sterling, particulars about Carlyle in addition to those I had from Robertson.

From some time in 1842, and through the whole of 1843 (a year famous in

Scottish annals as that of the Disruption of the Scottish National Church), my occupation was that of editing an Aberdeen weekly newspaper. It was about the middle point of this editorship, in the summer of 1843, that I allowed myself a fortnight's holiday for a visit to London.

It was my first visit to the great capital, my first excursion out of Scotland, and, of course, a stirring affair for me. I remember well my voyage of two days and two nights in the steamer from Aberdeen, and the faces of some of my fellow-passengers.[1] We came up the Thames in the dark, and had moored in the stream a little way off the landing-place, in one of the docks about Wapping. I can remember the astonishing effect of the sight of the lines of wharves and warehouses with glaring names upon them, and of the crowd

[1] My father used to tell us that in those days there was always a chaplain on board on these voyages between Aberdeen and London.—F. M.

of craft in the river, when we went up on deck in the early dawn; the boatmen waiting in great numbers to carry the passengers and their luggage ashore; the difficulty, at that early hour, of procuring a cab. The nearest cab-stand seemed to be at the Tower, or thereabouts; and it was only by bargaining with one or other of the ragamuffins loafing about the wharf that a cab could be fetched thence into the Wapping neighbourhood, already astir with other traffic, and blocked up with bales and waggons. The cab I had thus bespoken came at last, wriggling its way through these obstacles to a vacant spot, the messenger perched beside the driver, and sharp for his recompense. Inside the rickety box, and on the move into the veritable London, the drive of four or five miles seemed interminable. Streets, streets, streets, at first chokingly narrow and monotonously alike, but gradually broader and more various; and in every

street shops and their sign-boards, shops and their sign-boards, till one grew dizzy with looking out! Such an impression of vastness and populousness one had never received before: at first, from the earliness of the hour, a sleepy populousness; and not till one was well through the city did one begin to feel into what an enormous aggregate of wakeful humanity one had come. It was about breakfast-time when I was deposited at my destination —the lodgings of my friend Alexander Bain, in one of the quiet streets to the north of Oxford Street.

Besides Bain, whose guest I was to be during my stay, there were two other friends of mine in London, who were Bain's friends as well. One was John Robertson, already for both of us a connecting-link with London; and the other was Dr Thomas Clark, Professor of Chemistry in Marischal College, Aberdeen, then up in London on the business

of a patent of his for softening hard water. We four were much together, and it was under their convoy that I went about and acquired what little knowledge of London was to be acquired in my fortnight's holiday.

My recollections of those walks of ours about London in that first fortnight of my acquaintance with it, so long ago, seem now to distribute themselves into two main routes—the eastern route, city-wards, and the western route, by Piccadilly. From that day to this I have retained a peculiar fondness for that route to the city which, persisting through the whole length of the Strand and down the gentle slope of Fleet Street, ascends to St Paul's by Ludgate Hill, and then, skirting St Paul's, reaches the Mansion-House and the rest of the heart of the City by thronged Cheapside. It is into that route, populous and noisy though it always is, that I invariably let myself be lured. But the route is not now the same for the eye

as when I first knew it. Much of the antiqueness, much of the picturesqueness of the house-frontage on both sides, much of what reminded one so pleasantly and quaintly of historical old London, has disappeared since the summer afternoons and evenings when I first made acquaintance with it. Old Temple Bar is gone, whose archway separated the Strand from Fleet Street; some old houses that lingered in that vicinity from the time of Henry VIII. are also gone; spaces have been cleared and covered with new buildings; the Cannon Street siding draws off the traffic from old Cheapside; antiqueness and picturesqueness have given way everywhere to convenience. In particular, no one descending Fleet Street now on a summer evening, and having his view up Ludgate Hill to St Paul's interrupted by the ugly railway viaduct which has been thrown across the junction at Farringdon Street, can imagine how beautiful that bit

of London used to be; how like some pictured bit of an old Continental town, when the Cathedral and its precincts were tinged with the gold of the setting sun. How much of my time was passed in mere sauntering along the line of Fleet Street and the Strand, and taking in the impressions there to be obtained of London life and bustle, I can hardly say.

The other, the Piccadilly route, from Leicester Square westward, with the Green Park and St James's Park on one side and Hyde Park on the other, was much in favour with my companions, and therefore with myself. Here, indeed, there was delightful variety enough; and always opposite Apsley House, the great Duke then still alive and tenanting it, there was a pause for one earnest look, due to it on that account.

On our return from one long westward excursion, late one summer evening, we again—Robertson leading us—turned into

the Green Park, and sat, for a silent minute or two, on a seat, a little within the Park, but facing the Piccadilly houses; and it was then and there that I had the first sensation of the phenomenon that I have verified since by I know not how many repetitions. I called it then the *Roar of Piccadilly;* and that is the name by which I still think of it. Ceaselessly on your ear, from that spot within the Green Park, ceaselessly and not intermittently, there comes a roar or boom, as if all the noises of all the wheels of all the carriages in creation were mingled and ground together into one subdued, hoarse, moaning hum, not unpleasing, but melancholy and mystical. The passing carriages in Piccadilly itself and the adjacent streets, furnish really, I suppose, all the sound; but, in listening, one can hardly believe this, so unbroken is the roar, so equable, and seeming to consist of such a complex amalgam of

noises gathered far and near over an area of unknown miles. A similar roar, also characteristic of London, is audible on the top of St Paul's; but that vertical or ascending roar from London lying beneath may be distinguished, if I may trust my own recollection of it, from the horizontal roar that comes to you from the London of your own level as you are seated meditatively in the Green Park, just off Piccadilly. All day, and, I believe, all night, it goes on, one and the same, and without an instant of stop. Doubtless it has been modified somewhat, attenuated somewhat, by improvements of the material for street paving, and by the invention of elastic tyres for wheels; but essentially it is indestructible.[1] I heard it first nearly sixty years ago;[2] I heard it in my last

[1] Motors have changed its character greatly.—F. M.

[2] This passage was written at a later date, apparently after 1900.—F. M.

visit to London; while I write this, four hundred miles away from it, I know it is there, the ceaseless *Roar of Piccadilly.* Melancholy I have called it; but that may depend on the mood of the listener. Certainly to a stranger in London, beginning his chances of fortune there, or looking forward to that likelihood, I can conceive nothing more saddening than a solitary reverie on one of those seats in the Green Park, with that roar of Piccadilly as continuous in his ear as if a sea-shell were held close to it, and telling of the pitiless immensity of life and motion amid which he, one poor atom more, means to find a home. Let him therefore stand up, and, if it is late in the afternoon, make his way, as I did, into the adjacent Hyde Park, where by this time all the rank and wealth and beauty are beginning their slow procession of mutual review in the great carriage-drive between Apsley House and the bridge

over the Serpentine at the entry to Kensington Gardens. There is noise there too; and matter enough to continue the mood of sadness in one who feels himself but a solitary young alien among the files of pedestrians by the side of the vast whirl; but, on the whole, all other feelings yield to the exhilaration, the splendid interest and variety of the spectacle. This is London in full season, and in its most glorious conflux; and where in the world besides can there be seen such a gathered tulip-show of radiant faces and dresses, blazing liveries, magnificent equipages? To a provincial, beholding the spectacle for the first time, I am not sure but the horses are as impressive a part of it, as memorable a revelation of the supremacy of the metropolis, as the assembled aristocracy of human beings. Goodish horses are to be seen anywhere; but hardly till one has been in Hyde Park, in a late after-

noon between April and August, when the stream of carriages is in motion on the carriage-drive, and there are still riders enough in Rotten Row, is the idea of what a horse may be made perfect by abundance of illustration. After that you know a good horse at first sight for ever, and look askance at the poor triangular brutes that pass for horses where people know no better.

One night I went to the opera in her Majesty's Theatre; and, though Grisi was then in her prime, and in her great part of Norma, I have a less definite recollection of her singing than of that of the gigantic Lablache, with his enormous bass voice, in the character of the Arch-Druid: the mere thunder of that one voice, I suppose, was then more within my appreciation than anything in the operatic art. After the opera came a ballet, with Taglioni, if I remember aright, as the chief dancer.

More vague than my recollection of my first visit to the opera is that of my first visit to the gallery of the House of Commons. It was the temporary House, which served for the Commons in the interval between the burning of the old Houses of Parliament and the building of the new Houses. Nothing of special importance can have been going on, for I can recall nothing except the appearance of things in the Strangers' Gallery round about me, and one grey-haired veteran, who sat in the very middle of the front row, attentive to the proceedings underneath. This, I was told, was Mr Horace Twiss, formerly a member of the House, and now the writer of the daily summaries of the debates for 'The Times' newspaper. To obtain a seat next to Horace Twiss in the Gallery, I was told, was heaven itself, when he was in a communicative humour.

Though but once in the House of Commons during my fortnight, I was

several times in the vicinity of Palace Yard about the hour when the Houses met, on the chance of a glimpse of the parliamentary notabilities. I am not quite sure, but I rather think it was then that I had my first sight of the old Duke of Wellington. He was riding slowly along Parliament Street to the House of Lords, with a groom behind him at a little distance. He was dressed to the extreme of neatness, in a blue frock-coat and white trousers, with a hat of peculiarly narrow rim, to which every now and then he raised his right forefinger in a mechanical way, in acknowledgment of the salutations of reverence which he either saw, or knew to be going on, among the passers-by on the pavement on his left. Keeping alongside of him on that pavement for a hundred yards or so, with such a thrill in my veins as I have rarely felt at the first sight of any other man, I observed him closely. What struck me

most was the bony spareness of his figure, with indications of feebleness in the joints, as if he might have difficulty in alighting from his horse, and the intense whiteness, the absolute bloodlessness, of his face. It was all bone, marble-white bone, without a tinge of colour. The aquiline nose and strong jaw were just as all the world had known them to be from the portraits; but I observed that his lower jaw hung heavily and somewhat tremulously, keeping his mouth a little open; but that seemed to be against his will, and every now and then it closed strongly with the upper, almost with a kind of snap, as if to bring his face into the younger and more firm expression which he preferred. No physiognomy that I have ever seen, aquiline-nosed or any other, has in the least resembled the iron Duke's.[1] Very different, at all

[1] There are two almost identical versions of this passage in MS. One of them my father sent as a contribution to

events, was that of Sir Robert Peel, my first sight of whom was certainly in this visit of 1843, when he was fifty-five years of age, and in the third year of his second and most famous Premiership. My sight of him was purely accidental, but with some oddity of circumstance: Robertson and I were walking towards the Houses of Parliament, and had reached a crossing just beyond Whitehall, when a whisper from Robertson made me aware that a portly, fair-haired gentleman, with a smiling and somewhat cat-like expression, who was advancing towards us, on the arm of a friend, among several other pedestrians from the opposite side, was the Premier himself. The whisper came too late; for, what with the mixing of the two cross-tides of pedestrians, what with the intentness of my curiosity, I wavered

the Edinburgh University Magazine, 'The Student', a year or two ago.—F. M.

a little. Sir Robert had perceived, I think, the inadvertence and its cause, and good-humouredly adjusted himself to the little difficulty. At all events, it was Sir Robert Peel that stepped aside, and not I. When he and his friend had passed, Robertson indulged in a long fit of hilarity over the incident; but I did not yet foresee all that he was to make of it. He was the London correspondent for several provincial newspapers; and, taking up one of these a week or so afterwards, when I had returned north, I found a paragraph in it magnifying the adventure most mischievously. It described the first wanderings of an anonymous young innocent in the streets of London, who, in his anxiety to improve his opportunities of meeting eminent personages, had almost come into personal collision with the Prime Minister of his country. I could guess at once who was the

author of this concoction, and learnt also to what devices a London correspondent may descend when he is composing his weekly letter, and has actually nothing to put into it.

What one shall remember, and what one shall forget, out of the incidents of a fortnight of one's life, is a most capricious mystery. Why, having forgotten so many things of that fortnight, should I remember so distinctly an evening in the coffee-room of the Tavistock Hotel, in Covent Garden? Dr Clark was staying at the Tavistock, then a very popular hotel. Bain and I went one evening to sup with him there, and it was the first London hotel I became acquainted with. We sat, we three, at one of the little tables in the long coffee-room, supping and chatting, while most of the other tables in the room were occupied by other groups, similarly engaged. Up and down among them, in the middle

passage between the two sets of tables, an elderly gentleman was walking, who seemed to take a benevolent interest in all the supping groups, and to show it by his now and then directing the waiters to any table where their services were wanted. He looked like a superannuated Indian official, or retired merchant, and was, we were told, a bachelor gentleman of property, who had made the Tavistock his home for ever so many years, so that several generations of waiters had come and gone in his time, and the present generation of the hotel regarded him with the deference due to the oldest resident. There was a novelty to me in the conception of such permanent domestication in a hotel, to be closed perhaps by death in it, and funeral from it; and I looked at the kindly peripatetic with interest accordingly. Not till more than thirty years afterwards was I again in the coffee-room of the

Tavistock. It seemed hardly changed in the long interval, and I recognised the very table at which Bain and I had sat with Clark; but, though the tables were all full as they had been then, the guests were wholly a new company, and the old gentleman was no longer walking up and down. Clark himself had been long dead; and I thought of his massive form, so familiar to me once, and those energies and forces of his great brain, which had been baulked by a certain indolence, by ill-health, and a too early death.

From this first visit to London in the summer of 1843, I date two of the most memorable friendships it has been my privilege to form. It was then that, going with Bain one afternoon to Leadenhall Street, I was introduced to John Stuart Mill in his room in the old India House; and one evening, during this fortnight also, I was taken

by Robertson to see Mill at Mrs Mill's house in Kensington Square, where he and others of the family were then living. Robertson was still on very friendly terms with Mill, though their business connection had ceased in 1840. Robertson's presence had always a stimulating effect upon Mill, and the conversation between them that evening was especially animated and interesting. One lively phrase of Mill's I particularly remember, because of its autobiographical significance. I am sure of the phrase, though I have but a dim recollection of the occasion of it, or the context. The talk had turned, I think, on Jeremy Bentham and his influence, with some question whether there could then be a muster in London of Bentham's remaining disciples in sufficient number, and of sufficient mark, to attest the permanence of his influence. One or two persons had, I think, been mentioned

by Robertson as likely to be conspicuous in such a muster, when Mill smilingly struck in: "And I am Peter, who denied his Master." Though smilingly uttered, it was not all a jest.

It was during this fortnight's visit, also, that Robertson took me one afternoon to Chelsea for a call at 5 Cheyne Row. To his disappointment and my own, Carlyle happened not then to be in town, but away on some country ramble. Mr Froude's Biography reminds me that he must have been on that trip to South Wales, and stay with his friend Mr Redwood of Llandough, with which he refreshed himself in July 1843, a month or two after the publication of his 'Past and Present'. But, though it was a disappointment to me not to see the great man himself, we had the pleasure of a most kind reception by Mrs Carlyle, and of a talk with her alone, for more than an hour, in the little upstairs drawing-room.

Her conversation, which was more free and abundant than it probably would have been had Carlyle been there, impressed me greatly. She had, as I found then, and as is proved by some of her now published letters, a real liking for Robertson, though apt to make fun of him when opportunity offered; and Robertson's energetic ways had always an inspiriting effect on people he was with, drawing them out admirably, and starting topics. At all events I shall never forget the first impression made upon me by the appearance of this remarkable lady, as she sat, or rather reclined, in a corner of the sofa, talking to the burly Robertson, herself so fragile in form, with a delicately cut and rather pained face of dun-pale hue, very dark hair, smoothed on both sides of an unusually broad forehead, and large, soft, and lustrous eyes of a gypsy black. Something in her face and expression, then and afterwards, would occasion-

ally remind me of portraits I had seen of the young Voltaire; and the brilliance of her conversation, and even the style of it, bore out the resemblance. She was, indeed, one of the most brilliant of witty talkers, full of light *esprit*, and, though generally suppressing herself when her husband was present, quite as delightfully copious as he was, both in themes and words, when she had to be his substitute. Though her style and manner of thinking had undoubtedly been influenced by him, an aboriginal difference had been preserved. Her most characteristic vein was the satirical; within this, the form to which she tended most was the satirical narrative; and the narratives in which she most excelled were stories of things that had recently happened to herself, or within the circle of her acquaintance. There may have been several such in the course of the hour or more during which we sat with her; but I remember

one only. It was about an adventure she had had with a builder or surveyor in the neighbourhood. Cheyne Row consisted, and still consists,[1] of but one row of inhabited houses, going off from the Thames at right angles, the opposite side of the quiet street exhibiting hardly anything in the shape of houses, but mainly a length of high brick wall. On this walled side, just opposite the windows of the houses, was a row of lime-trees, giving a pleasant, semi-rustic effect to the whole street. On account of some new building operations or projects, there had been a proposal to cut down the trees; and, as Carlyle's house was about the middle of the row, and he was renewing his lease of it for a longer term, his exasperation over this proposal seems to have been greater than that of most of his neighbours. There had been, I think, remonstrance or negotiation on the subject

[1] Written about 1885.—F. M.

already; but it had remained for Mrs Carlyle to take decisive action. Seeing the principal in the affair, or his official, standing one morning beside one of the trees, with a workman or two about him, as if the fell moment had come, she had gone over to him, as she informed us, and, after some fresh remonstrance, had calmly informed him that if he did not desist, or if she saw him there again, she would fetch a pistol and shoot him on the spot. The man seemed frightened, she said, and the trees were saved. That something of the sort happened, I have no doubt; but I have as little doubt that the reality was considerably improved in the telling. She could make a picturesque and witty story out of anything whatever. This I had seen amply proved before we took our leave. Robertson had been the chief colloquist during our call, but Mrs Carlyle had been very kindly to me. I had been introduced to her as a young

Scottish editor up in London for a holiday; and I had reason afterwards to know that she had looked at me with some attention, and been interested in the fact that there could be a newspaper editor of such extreme juvenility.[1]

It was again in Robertson's company that, not long after my second arrival in London in 1844, I paid my second visit to 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea; and this time I was fortunate in seeing Carlyle himself at last. It was in the evening. We found Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle together in the drawing-room without any other company, — Mrs Carlyle seated on the sofa, much as we had left her some months before, with some sewing-work in her hands, and Carlyle at a small side-table by the wall opposite the windows, engaged for the moment in writing a

[1] Mrs Carlyle's own account of this visit is given in her letter to Carlyle published in 'New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle', vol. i. p. 124.—F. M.

letter. He rose on our entry, received us very courteously, and bade us sit down, and he would soon finish what he was about. I had therefore but barely observed his tall lean figure as he rose in his brownish dressing-gown, —taller than I had expected,—when he was again at the side-table, penning his letter, with his back to us, as we talked about this and that with Mrs Carlyle. About ten minutes must have passed, he silently scribbling all the while with his back to us and our talk, when a question from Mrs Carlyle brought us the first words from his voice that I now distinctly recollect. Robertson had been saying something to Mrs Carlyle about the Plymouth Brethren, and had asked her, as she seemed to know more about them than he did, to what extent they were Christians in their tenets. "Do they believe in Jesus Christ?" was his mode of framing the question. "Carlyle,

do the Plymouth Brethren believe in Jesus Christ?" she called out, referring the question to her husband as a better authority than herself. "O, like winkin'!" was his immediate reply, without turning round. Strange that I should recollect chiefly this, and our laugh over it, out of all that passed in that first meeting of mine with Carlyle. For, his letter done, he turned round and joined in the conversation, rapidly took the lead in it, as was his wont, and entertained us most agreeably with quite a miscellany of things in his characteristic style, laughter still predominant, the robust Robertson apparently suiting him very well as a listener, and serving excellently as a stimulus. More vivid in my memory now than the matter of the talk is the impression made on me by Carlyle's powerful head and face; the hair then dark and thick, without a sign of grizzle, the complexion a strong bilious-ruddy,

the brow overhanging and cliff-like, the eyes deep-sunk and aggressive, and the firm mouth and chin then closely shaven. All in all, with his lean, erect figure, then over five feet eleven inches in height, and the peculiar bilious-ruddy of his face, he was, apart from the fire of genius in his eyes and flowing through his talk, not unlike some Scottish farmer or other rustic of unusually strong and wiry constitution, living much in the open air. His Annandale accent contributed to this resemblance. His vocabulary and grammar were of the purest and most stately English; and the Scotticism, which was very marked, was wholly in the pronunciation and intonation. Like Scotsmen generally, from whatever district of Scotland, he enunciated each syllable of every word with a deliberation and emphasis unusual with English speakers, giving each, as it were, a good bite before letting it go. The

West Border intonation was intensified, in his case, by a peculiarity which was either wholly his own, or a special characteristic of the Carlyles of Ecclefechan. He spoke always with a distinct lyrical chaunt;—not the monotonous and whining sing-song, mainly of pulpit origin, one hears occasionally among Scotsmen, and which is suggestive too often of hypocrisy and a desire to cheat you, but a bold and varying chaunt, as of a man not ashamed to let his voice rise and fall, and obey by instinctive modulation every flexure of his meaning and feeling. Mrs Carlyle had caught something of this lyrical chaunt, by sympathy and companionship; and the slighter Scotticism of her voice was distinguished also by a pleasant habit of lyrical rise and cadence.

From that evening, early in 1844, I was to know Carlyle well, and increasingly well. When we took our leave, somewhere after ten o'clock, he accom-

panied us to the door, and was pleased to say something to the effect that he hoped to see me again as often as I could make it convenient. There could have been no motive for this but the sheerest natural kindliness, — the kindliness of a veteran man of letters to a youngster of his own nation who did not appear immodest, but had committed himself to the somewhat desperate attempt of a literary life in London, without resources and without definite prospects. Long afterwards, when Mrs Carlyle was dead, he told me that she had taken to me very affectionately from the first, and that he had never forgotten that fact. Indeed, it must have been only in my second or third visit to Cheyne Row, after that first one in which I saw them both together, that Mrs Carlyle confided to me that Carlyle and she had talked to each other with some alarm as to what might become

of me in London, with only Robertson for my mentor.

There was little fear on this head. The young Telemachus was pretty tough and self-willed in a quiet way, and not apt to be led against his own inclination by any mentor. Robertson and I remained good friends for some years beyond my present date, and I continued to see a good deal of him till he vanished from the London scene altogether. But when Mrs Carlyle spoke to me I was beginning already to take my own walks and make my own acquaintanceships. The acquaintanceship begun at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was naturally one which, without being obtrusive, I did not cease to cultivate.

Very memorable to me now is that quiet old Chelsea street and its neighbourhood, as I began thus to be familiar with them, more than forty years ago.[1]

[1] Written about 1885.—F. M.

The Thames Embankment, which has so greatly improved the whole vicinity, had not then been thought of. Cheyne Walk was a quaint riverside street of shops and antique houses, looking down upon the unembanked shore, — pleasant enough to the sight when the stream was full, but not so pleasant when the low tide left its margin of mud and ooze. One way of getting to Cheyne Row from the City or the Strand region was by one of the river steam-boats. Having sailed up the river, you got out at a pier at the Chelsea riverside below Battersea Bridge; and a few paces along Cheyne Walk, with its shops and antique houses, brought you to the quieter Cheyne Row, at right angles to it; and there, about the middle of the Row, on your right hand, you found No. 5. Another way, however, was what may be called the inland route. There was in those days no Metropolitan or underground

railway; but there were Chelsea omnibuses from the City, which took you along Piccadilly, down Sloane Street, and so into Chelsea by the long King's Road. This was my usual way, except that, so long as I lodged in Down Street, I generally preferred walking. The bustling King's Road, I remember, seemed interminable; for not till near the very end of it was that narrow outlet, so obscure that it might easily be missed, rejoicing in the name of Cook's Ground.[1] Here you were among small cottages standing in plots of garden, with decayed wooden palings about them; and it was by a deep zigzag through this medium that you emerged at the top of Cheyne Row, and found Carlyle's house — a neat, oldish house of red brick, about the middle of the Row, on your left hand as you went towards the river.

[1] Since abolished.—F. M.

Carlyle was in his forty-ninth year when I first knew him. His usual working hours then were over for the day between two and three o'clock; and he was not disinclined to see friends that might call then, for a few minutes' talk with him, just before he set out for his afternoon walk. A preferable time, however, was the evening. If you dropped in about, or a little after, seven o'clock, you found Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle at tea in the drawing-room, and were welcome to a cup yourself, with a slice of bread and butter or biscuit,—jam generally on the table besides. If you were later, you missed the tea, but had talk as long as you chose to stay, and might see Carlyle fill his pipe and smoke it once or twice in the course of an evening, and even, if you were in his good graces and capable of communion with him in that particular, be invited to join him. His pipes, then and always,

were long clays, of Glasgow make, with green-glazed tips for the mouth; his tobacco, if the same then as it was afterwards, was of a strong and rather harsh kind, which he called Free-smoking York River. The pipe he was using,—and I think he took a new pipe every day, or perhaps oftener, from the stock he kept somewhere in a box,—usually stood in the corner of the fireplace, within the fender, ready for his further service; and a half-pound tin canister of his tobacco, replenished from his larger supply which also was out of sight somewhere, stood usually on the mantelpiece, but sometimes on the table. He was very methodical and practical in all such matters, disliking untidiness of any sort, and carrying his love of order even into his smoking arrangements. Indeed, if there were more than one guest present, or if the guest were a stranger, he would go out for his smoke into the back-

garden, and return when it was over; and in summer evenings the back-garden was the established smoking-place, and he would take his guest or guests thither with him, providing them with seats, or walking with them up and down the grass-plat. I forget whether, when the smoking was within-doors, he had at this time the habit—which he certainly acquired afterwards—of reclining on the hearth-rug while he smoked, so that the puffs should ascend the chimney rather than come into the room. But Mrs Carlyle, while as orderly as himself, and keeping everything tidy there, was tolerant to the utmost of whatever might be his whim in this matter; and it was pretty to see him sometimes, when he was in a pleased humour and there was no one there to cause ceremony, present the pipe gallantly to her own lips, for the honour of a consecrating whiff. This he called "tendering her the calumet of

peace." I must have seen him do it more than once within the first few months of our acquaintance, for my footing at Cheyne Row had gradually become such as to justify pretty frequent visits of an evening,—perhaps about once in three weeks on an average, — and I was always received with a continuation of the original kindliness. Only on one occasion, in those early months of our acquaintance, do I remember a gruffish reception from Carlyle; and that was when one or two friends of mine, who were on a visit to London and had separate introductions to him, formed a party for a joint call upon him in the afternoon, and persuaded me to go with them. Mrs Carlyle was away; he was in a bad humour; one of the party introduced a topic not to his taste, and was rather combative in asserting his own views of it; and I could see that Carlyle wished all of us at Jericho. Nothing of the sort

ever happened in my evening visits; and, as I generally found Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle then by themselves, my now far-back London memories of the year 1844 include some of my pleasantest reminiscences of the demeanour of this famous couple to each other in their domestic privacy. It was uniformly exemplary and loving in all essential respects, with a kind of stately gallantry on Carlyle's part when he turned to his Jane, or she interposed one of her remarks; and, on her part, the most admiring affection for him in all that he said or did. If there was ever a sign of ruffle it was superficial merely, and arose from an occasional lapse of his into a mood of playful teasing and persistence in rhetorical mastery even against *her*. But such little teasings of his wife in the presence of others must have been very rare, for I can remember only one or two, belonging to the earliest period of my acquaintance with them.

Far more frequent, indeed, were her little witticisms at his expense. She was fond of entertaining her friends with sprightly stories of any recent misbehaviours of his; and on such occasions he would listen most benignantly and approvingly, with the pleased look of a lion whose own lioness was having her turn in the performance.

It was not long after my first meeting with Carlyle when I experienced his readiness to do me any friendly act in his power. Every time I saw him he would ask me whether I was writing anything; and, the question having been repeated at one particular call,—this, I remember, was in the afternoon,—with the result that I informed him I had a small paper on hand which I thought might do for a magazine, he immediately suggested 'Fraser's Magazine' as a likely place, and volunteered an introduction to Mr Nickisson, then proprietor of the Maga-

zine and substantially its editor.[1] Then and there he wrote the note of introduction, handing it to me to read before he sealed it. As he had never, so far as I was aware, seen a scrap of my writing, the kindly emphasis of its wording in my favour really surprised me. The purport was not so much that here was

[1] Among my father's dictated memories is the following, which may be incorporated here: "Mr Nickisson, the bookseller in Regent Street, was proprietor of 'Fraser's Magazine', successor of the Fraser who was its first proprietor. It was another Fraser who started and edited the Magazine, and gave it its name; and there is a story that this literary Fraser, seeing his own name over the bookseller's shop in Regent Street, took the idea then and there of getting him to join in the starting of 'Fraser's Magazine'. This may be a myth. The bookseller Fraser was the real head of it. Nickisson was a quiet man. He sold it to John Parker (the young John), and Parker sold it to Longman. Froude edited it for Longman, and was afterwards succeeded by Allingham. It ceased then. . . . John Parker used to have little evenings over his shop in the Strand, not far from Charing Cross; and it was there I first met Matthew Arnold, in the 'fifties, just about the time of the starting of the 'Saturday Review'. Parker was a clever man; rather high-minded,—thinking about things. The link between us was probably 'Fraser's Magazine'."—F. M.

a young man whom Mr Nickisson might possibly be able to oblige, as that here was a young man whom Mr Nickisson would find it to his advantage to have among his contributors. The recommendation was at once effective. Having called on Mr Nickisson at his shop in Regent Street, I had no sooner delivered the note to him than he was graciousness itself, and asked me to leave the paper for consideration. In a few days I had a proof; and within about six weeks the little thing appeared in the pages of 'Fraser',—Nickisson's cheque for it, which came duly on publication, being the first London money I remember to have earned, unless it was a cheque which came about the same time from old Mr Charles Dilke for a small contribution to the 'Athenæum'. From that day 'Fraser' was open for anything I chose to send; and two subsequent articles of mine appeared there before the end of

that year.[1] That Carlyle had read the initial article for which he had so generously smoothed the way I had no subsequent intimation whatever, except that he and Mrs Carlyle would occasionally jest with me on the title I had given it, which title, in fact, as I now find from Mrs Carlyle's letters, had struck his or her fancy so quaintly that it became one of the phrases of the "*côterie* speech" which they used with each other.[2] But, though I had no direct intimation in this case whether he thought I had deserved his recommendation, I had abundant proof of his continued interest in my small

[1] "The Pulpit of the Nineteenth Century", in September 1844; and "The Three Devils" (Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's), in December 1844.—F. M.

[2] "On Emotional Culture", 'Fraser's Magazine', May 1844. Thackeray's 'Luck of Barry Lyndon' was running in 'Fraser's' at the time. Among my father's dictated memories is the following: "One evening at Cheyne Row, Mrs Carlyle was telling a story about some child; and she ended with 'And the child was called—' . . . '*Emotional Culture!*' said Carlyle quickly, with a sly look at me."—F. M.

literary doings. He never ceased to inquire most exactly, when I was at Cheyne Row, what I was about and how I was getting on; and I shall never forget one casual meeting with him in the streets,—it was in Piccadilly, just at the foot of Down Street,—when, having stopped me for a minute and received my reply to his usual kindly questions, he added, "Well, well! courage always, and hope always!" and then strode on. It seems but as yesterday that I heard the words, and turned to look after his strong figure as he disappeared swiftly among the other pavement-passengers, in the direction of Apsley House.

One saw him best, as I have said, at his own house in the evenings. Though he was then in the throes of his 'Cromwell',—which had not yet taken its ultimate shape as the collected and elucidated 'Letters and Speeches', but hung vaguely before him as possibly a regular Biography

or possibly a regular History, for the materials of which, as he tells us, he was "reading hundred-weights of dreary books and searching in dusty manuscripts", —I do not remember any evening when I found the least sign of flurry or fatigue of engrossing work in his domestic surroundings or demeanour. He seemed always to have transacted his sufficient quantum of pen-labour, whatever it was, during the day; there was never any litter of books or papers, or other evidence of pressing toil, in the room where we sat—which might be either the dining-room, or the upstairs drawing-room; and, though he might be reading some volume when you entered, it was at once laid aside, and he was ready for tea and talk with you, or for talk alone, or talk and a smoke, if you had come later.

To an evening with Carlyle there was almost invariably, in my own case, one appendage. When I rose to go, about

ten or half-past ten o'clock, he would say, "Wait till I put on my shoes, and I'll walk a bit with you." The shoes on, and the dressing-gown in which he usually sat exchanged for a coat, with the addition of an overcoat if the weather required it, but never of an umbrella, and never of a hat of the ordinary shape, or anything else but a soft and wide felt, we would take leave of Mrs Carlyle and sally forth. The direction being determined by my convenience, our route was almost uniformly by Cook's Ground to King's Road, and then either along the lighted and still lively King's Road to Sloane Street, or, for greater quiet, through a diagonal zigzag of streets and squares, bringing us out at the upper or Hyde Park end of Sloane Street. All the way through the lamp-lit streets he would continue the talk. As he had no bashfulness in letting his voice be heard

by casual passers-by; and as he was often led, in one of his objurgations, not only to raise his voice, but also to apostrophise the absent object of his wrath as if he were present, the result was sometimes a little awkward. "I tell you what, sir, if I had my will, I'd lay a whip across the back of you!" was one such apostrophe of his, spoken in a loud voice, and with some angry gesticulation, as I was once walking by his side, the object really addressed being some absent evil-doer, or some personification of evil-doing he had been conjuring up, but the effect being such that the passers-by, knowing nothing of the context, naturally looked round at *me*. This was in broad daylight, close to the South Kensington Museum, and at a much later period than that of the nightly walks of which I am speaking; but I have a recollection of a similar mischance or two, even in

them, from his disregard of by-passers and his reckless habit of apostrophe. In some of these walks he was at his very best. The loudest and longest laugh I ever heard from him was one evening near the middle of Sloane Street. The echoes rang again, and we had to stop by a lamp-post till the phrensy had spent itself. What with those nightly walks of 1844, and the frequency with which in subsequent years we took the same route, there is no portion of London with which I have stronger or more familiar Carlyle associations to this day than the dense oblong of streets and squares between Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and Hyde Park Corner. This was his usual terminus. There we would part, and he would turn and make his way back to Cheyne Row as the whim might direct him. He was always a great walker, and in those days rather a fast one; and whatever amount of

walking he might have had during the day, he seldom omitted this late constitutional through the lamp-lit streets, whether in company or by himself.

It was some time before my acquaintance with Carlyle began that his brother, Dr John Carlyle, had given up his travelling physicianships and his Italian medical practice, and had returned to this country for good, with a competence sufficient for an elderly bachelor of simple tastes and ways, whether he should settle permanently in London, near his brother, as he thought of doing, or should divide the rest of his life, as actually turned out, between London and Scotland. Through a part of 1844 Dr John was certainly in London, with rooms on the ground floor of one of a pleasant row of receding houses in Brompton, on the left side of the main Brompton thoroughfare, just before it bends into the Fulham Road.

Here I became acquainted with him after I had known his brother for some little while. In personal appearance the two differed much, — Dr John not nearly so tall as Carlyle, but rather of stout and shortish figure, with a head much larger in appearance than Carlyle's —though I am not sure it was so in fact — a large, round face of fair complexion, and hair quite grey already, though he was five years the junior of his lean and dark-haired brother. He had none of Carlyle's fire of genius, none of Carlyle's electric perturbability of nerve and temper, and not a tithe, I should say, despite all the advantages of his travel and foreign experience, of Carlyle's insight into men and shrewd and various knowledge of the complex world. On the contrary, he was a most simple-minded person, unsophisticated in all things, and imperturbably good-humoured. His natural talents,

however, were considerable; he had strong literary tastes, and was an accomplished French, German, and Italian scholar; and, in addition to the sterling moral integrity of all the Carlyle breed, he had his full share of their habit of painstaking intellectual accuracy. There was also a something generically Carlylian, whether by family inheritance or by infection from his brother, in his voice and mode of expression; so that sometimes, if you shut your eyes while he was talking, you could fancy it might be Carlyle himself in a particularly restful moment. Once, as I was walking through Hyde Park with him, and he was recommending German books to me, his recommendation of Schiller in especial took this form: "You should read Schiller: you will find him a very compact sort of writer." Certainly not the phrase that most people would have chosen for the occasion, but so like what

might have come from his brother that I had some difficulty in concealing my amused sense of that fact. His affection for his great brother was boundless, and was all the more touching because it was evidently mixed, in his brother's presence, with something of awe. He would often talk of his brother when you were alone with him,—could hardly refrain from talking of him, and liked no topic better. Finding that 'Sartor Resartus' was the only one of his brother's then published books which I had not yet read, he insisted on the importance of that deficiency, and lent me his own copy. He also told me a good deal that was interesting about his relations to his brother in their earlier life. One of his recollections was of his first learning German under his brother's tuition. It was while they were in Annandale together, either in their father's house or in Carlyle's own farmhouse at Hoddam; and the custom was for John to come in

the mornings to his brother as he was delving in the garden and there repeat his grammar-lesson. "He gave me not a word of praise when I did well," said John, with a humorous recollection of the style of the lessons, "but was awful in the severity of his language when my performance was not satisfactory." But, though it was the elder brother that had thus initiated the younger in German, their relations to each other in German matters were changed somewhat afterwards by John's actual residence in Germany at a time when Thomas knew nothing of that country or its society except by reading and imagination. John had then been in the habit of sending his brother long letters descriptive of German life and manners — beer-gardens, professors, "æsthetic teas", and other such things; and these, he assured me, had furnished his brother with suggestions for the groundwork and local colouring of his

'Sartor Resartus'. Altogether, the good Dr John Carlyle, though overshadowed by his brother, and more indolent therefore than he might have been, was one of the most likeable of men on his own account. Whether he had then begun his prose translation of Dante's 'Inferno', not published till 1849, I cannot now remember; but probably he had.

Naturally, Dr John Carlyle was one of the most frequent figures to be seen in Cheyne Row when one called there. He was probably there daily, spending a brotherly hour or two with Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle; but he would drop in occasionally at tea, or after tea, like the rest of us. These conversational teas and after-teas, I repeat, were the one regular form of hospitality in the Carlyle household. Anything like a dinner-party, so far as to the time with which we are now concerned, must have been very rare and

extraordinary. One little dinner-party, however, I do remember, as the first to which the Carlyles invited me, and it must have been, I think, in 1844. On the afternoon appointed, I took a Chelsea omnibus, standing almost empty at Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, and seated myself in one of the corners by the door, waiting till the omnibus should fill. An important-looking man, of burly build and dictatorial air, stepped in shortly after me, and seated himself in the other corner. He would have attracted my attention by his mere look; but, as the omnibus was slow in filling, and it came to frequent stoppages in the hope of picking up more passengers after it had started, I had additional cause for observing the stranger curiously, from the singular vehemence of the rhetoric with which he addressed the conductor, again and again, in rebuke of his dilatoriness and general depravity. When at length we approached the end of King's

Road, and I tapped the conductor to let me out at Cook's Ground, I perceived the burly gentleman stir to get out too; but, as I was rather late, I quickened my pace, making for Carlyle's door. There were footsteps after me, quickened in sympathy; and, when I stood on Carlyle's doorsteps, the burly gentleman was beside me there, rather panting from his haste, before the door was opened. When we went in, I found that he was no other than John Forster, and that he was to be my fellow-guest. Besides Forster and myself, and Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle, there were only George Lillie Craik and one other, — this last being either Dr John Carlyle or some one whom I have forgotten. It was a pleasant little dinner, indeed, simple in style, but everything most excellent in its kind,—the saddle of mutton perfect and perfectly cooked, and the sherry of beautiful quality, with an option of some particularly fine Cambridge

ale from a small stock which some admirer had sent to Carlyle as a present. Carlyle carved the saddle of mutton with great neatness and expertness, as I can remember more distinctly because of one slight mishap in the process. Craik having sent his plate for a second supply, a slice had been duly cut, and was on the point of Carlyle's carving-fork, when—something having happened to make him talk meanwhile—he left Craik's plate vacant in the air, in the maid's hand, and deposited the slice absently, and as it were with furtive selfishness, on his own. "Bless me: what am I about?" he said, as our laugh and Craik's disappointed face roused him to his mistake; and, when Forster had rallied him with some such blank verse quotation or invention as—

> "Too bad, Carlyle! Do you not see that Craik
> Awaits his evening mutton?"

he resumed his carving, merrily capping

the rigmarole with something like this apology:—

"Too bad it is;
And Craik shall have his mutton."

Strange that, while my memory retains this triviality of the evening so distinctly, almost all the rest should have gone into haze. Carlyle, I am sure, was not in his objurgatory vein at all that evening, but in his most genial vein of anecdote and miscellaneous talk. One of the things talked of was a recent murder, or suspected murder, by a poor Irish tramp; and I remember that Carlyle and Forster agreed in a kind of notion that one could hardly judge how easily a poor illiterate fellow might resort to murder merely to get out of a scrape. Forster had quite as much of the talk as Carlyle; and, though I had casual glimpses of Forster at intervals in subsequent years, and even some correspondence with him before his death, my strongest impression of him

personally, save one, is from this first meeting with him. He must then have been only about thirty-two years of age.

George Lillie Craik, one of my earliest acquaintances in London, became a good friend of mine.[1] When I first saw him, I looked at him with an interest that had been pre-awakened by reading his book, 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties'.[2] His prematurely grey hair gave him then something already the appearance of a veteran. He was a man of robust build and broad and good-humoured face, with a sanguine freshness of complexion and a general heartiness of demeanour. If there had been any difficulties in his own pursuit of knowledge, they had left no traces of discontent.

[1] My father always remembered that it was Mr George Lillie Craik who, in August 1844, introduced him to Messrs W. & R. Chambers.—F. M.

[2] Published in 1831. The name had been chosen by Lord Brougham, then President of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—F. M.

Indeed, all the time I knew Craik, a cheerful contentedness of disposition was his obvious characteristic. Craik and his family lived in a pretty cottage called "Vine Cottage", in Cromwell Lane, Old Brompton. In vain now will any one look for that old Cromwell Lane. Even to imagine its whereabouts now, as I can remember it, is difficult. There it was once, however; a narrow, tortuous lane, lined with rusty-nailed palings, on the left hand as you went from Brompton, shutting off a succession of nursery-grounds, and at intervals on the right some quaint cottages, each nestled in its own bit of garden. Craik's cottage was one of these, the approach to it something of a venture at night, from the deficiency of lights and the general sense of loneliness. But in the daytime, and especially in summer, the cottage, with its garden about it, had a look of sequestered leafiness and of cosy English domesticity.

On the small grass-plat which formed the chief part of the garden was such a plum-tree, laden with fruit every sunny autumn season, that you needed not to pluck any from the branches for eating, but might select from those that had fallen off from over-ripeness, and lay strewn for you temptingly round the root. There was no lack of visitors, Scottish or English, in Craik's pleasant home. Carlyle might be accounted a neighbour, and so with Leigh Hunt, an older Londoner than either, and living in Kensington; and they were both often there for a walk with Craik on late afternoons, or at those evenings of tea and talk at Vine Cottage. Very pleasant evenings these were—some of them even memorable. It chanced that I never met Carlyle under Craik's roof, and only once Leigh Hunt. This was on an evening when he had casually dropped in, and others were present. He did not take much

part in the talk that went on; and my recollection is chiefly of his soft and genial manner, and the fine look of his white head. It was a head of goodish size, but not of such size as to diminish the wonder of the fact, recorded by himself somewhere, that his hat, placed on the head of Byron or Shelley or Keats, in each case eclipsed it completely by slipping down over the eyebrows.

One day Carlyle, whose visits to the British Museum for material for his 'Cromwell' were becoming intolerably irksome to him, asked me if I knew of any one who, for a moderate weekly remuneration, would relieve him of that trouble by making researches and copying extracts in the Museum under his instructions. At the moment I could think of no one likely to suit him; but, after I had left, it occurred to me that this would be the very thing for John Christie. He had

been one of my class-fellows in the Grammar School of Aberdeen; a strong-headed fellow, rather older than most of us, rough in manner, sulky and uncomely of face. He had followed me to Marischal College, attending the general classes there, but training more especially for the medical profession. From that time I had lost sight of him till we met again in London; but the course of his life in the interim had become well known to me. Having taken his medical degree in Aberdeen with good credit, and having saved a little money, he had come to London a fully-qualified medical man, intending to go out as a ship's surgeon for a few years of voyaging experience before settling in practice. Accident had changed his plans. He had met and won the affections of, and married, one of the most beautiful girls that man ever set eyes upon,—country-bred; gentle and winning in manner as she was faultlessly

beautiful. Christie remained in London. With the small stock of money he had, he entered into partnership with an apothecary in a poor London neighbourhood, the intention being that his colleague should attend to the drug-dispensing part of the business, while Christie undertook such medical and surgical practice as might gather round the connexion. It was a feasible enough project; for I doubt if any of the poorer quarters of London could have commanded the services of a really abler or more thoroughly qualified practitioner than Christie would have proved himself to be. But there was a sudden collapse in the arrangement, I know not what, with the result that Christie and his beautiful wife, with their infant boy, — all his money lost, — were living in apartments off Oxford Street. He laboured at anatomical drawings for artists and coached artists in anatomy. He was ready—the rough, strong-headed

fellow—for anything by which he could earn an honest living. Such was the state of his affairs, intimately known to me, when Carlyle made the inquiry I have mentioned. A note from me to Carlyle, followed by an interview between Carlyle and Christie, settled the matter; and from that day till the conclusion of the 'Cromwell' for the press Christie acted as Carlyle's *factotum* in the British Museum, his deputy for researchings and copyings, and his personal amanuensis. Carlyle afterwards assured me that he could not have had an abler assistant for such work, or a more trustworthy.[1] Both he and Mrs Carlyle contracted a real regard for Christie, and were very kind to him. But, the 'Cromwell' having been finished, the question had come to be

[1] John Christie wrote, October 1844, thanking my father for getting him this post: "Stiff work, but I like it"; and "I'm not to be a mere copyist, but his representative, as he said, at the Museum."—F. M.

what Christie was to do next. If ever one human being laboured on behalf of another in distress, it was Carlyle on behalf of poor Christie, through the months of 1845 and 1846. At last, by Sir James Clark's influence, if I remember rightly, there was definitely obtained for him a clerkship in the Registrar-General's office in Somerset House, with a salary of about £90 a-year; but it had come too late. His beautiful young wife had died of consumption. He had sent the child into the country to his dead wife's relations; and all that the clerkship could do now was to save the broken-hearted fellow himself from starvation and enable him to pay for the board of his child. He was very wretched, all his thoughts constantly on his dead wife and his little boy in the country. He talked, however, gratefully of the kindness of the Carlyles. His reverence for Carlyle was touching; he had kept the bound set of proof-sheets of the

'Cromwell', with some marginal corrections on them, in affectionate evidence of his connection with Carlyle in that labour. A few months more and Christie and all his sorrows were out of my sight. The seeds of consumption, caught during his attendance on his wife, appeared in himself. He went back to his native Aberdeen to try the effect of that change; and there he died. The last incident of this London tragedy in my recollection is a visit which Alexander Bain and I paid to poor Christie's vacant rooms after his death for the purpose of making such arrangements as were possible, by inventory and sale of his worldly goods, for the benefit of his little boy. If that son is now living he must be over forty years of age,[1] and can remember nothing of his father and mother.

Of all the walks that Carlyle and I

[1] Written about 1885.—F. M.

took together in the old London nights that now lie behind me like a distant-stretching dream, there are two which I recall now with peculiar associations of sacredness. One summer night about eleven o'clock we had passed our usual parting-point at Hyde Park Corner and had strolled into the Park itself, lured by the beauty of a specially soft and star-brilliant sky overhead. The softness and stillness around and the starry brilliance above had touched his soul to its finest and gentlest depths. All roughness, all querulousness, were gone; he was in a mood of the simplest and most sage-like serenity. As we sauntered to and fro on the grass, the sole human beings peripatetic, where but a few hours before there had been the roar of the carriages in stream and the parallel gallop of the equestrians, it was the stars and the silence that seemed to work upon him and to suggest his theme. From the

mystery and the splendour of physical infinitude he passed to what ought to be the rule of human behaviour, the conduct of one's own spirit, in a world framed so majestically and so divinely. There was too much jesting in it, he said, too much of mere irony and of laughter at the absurd, too little of calm religiousness and serious walk with God. In speaking of the over-prevalence of the habit of irony, sarcasm, and jesting, he used a sudden phrase of self-humiliation which I have never forgotten. "Ah! and I have given far too much in to that myself — *sniggering at things*": these are the exact words. Though they are the only exact words I can now recall out of that quarter of an hour of his varied talk, all in the same vein of deeply-moved meditation, it is the solemn charm of the whole of the little colloquy that remains in my memory. If ever one man spoke to another absolutely spirit to spirit, it was Carlyle to me in

that quarter of an hour of our walk to and fro in that star-silvered and tree-skirted solitude in the middle of London.

As memorable to me, though for a different reason, is another evening walk with him, which must have been nearly contemporary. This time, by some chance, we had not taken the usual route from Cheyne Row in the direction of Hyde Park, but had turned down Cheyne Row to the Chelsea riverside. We had not gone far from his house, and were on a narrowish part of the foot pavement, in front of some small lighted shops, when, without anything preliminary that I can now remember, he said, as if carelessly: "By the bye, I have a lot of money lying by me at present—far more than I have any need for: some of it might be more useful in your hands than in mine." Taken aback by the generosity of the offer, and by the suddenness of it, I could only express my thanks in a lame and

stammering way, assuring him at the same time that I really did not need to avail myself of it, having quite enough of my own at that time for all necessary purposes. "Much better so; much better so," he replied, almost interruptingly; and, when I tried again to express to him how deeply his kindness touched me, he would not hear a word, but stopped me gruffishly by at once changing the subject. From that moment, the incident was never so much as mentioned between us again —I daresay he had totally forgotten it in the later days of our intercourse; but it was not for me to forget it, and I never shall. Only to one or two persons have I ever confided it; but let it stand now in print as one of *my* registered experiences of the character of the stern-seeming man whom I walked with so often in those old London days of his full stature and strength, and who now rests in his grave at Ecclefechan.

II.

DOWN STREET, PICCADILLY.[1]

My first domicile in London was in lodgings that had been taken for me by a friend, before my arrival, in Down Street, Piccadilly. It is—or was in 1844—a quiet little street, leading from Piccadilly, near its Park Lane end, into the maze of aristocratic streets which rejoices in the name of Mayfair. The little street itself, indeed, was recognised as within that highly fashionable district; and, though "Down Street, Piccadilly" was the best direction by which to find the

[1] These Memories were written by my father mainly in the year 1881; and some additions were made in a later year.—F. M.

street, if one was in search of it, "Down Street, Mayfair" served equally well on the backs of letters, and would not have been amiss on my cards, if I had been ambitious of the reputation attached to so distinguished an address. There would have been some deception, however, in assuming it; for, though I certainly entered my lodgings from Down Street, and by the neatly knockered door of one of the tidiest houses in that street, on the right hand as you go from Piccadilly, the rooms I called mine were not only at the back of the house, but in a detached little building there, accessible from the first floor of the house by a kind of wooden bridge or railed gallery shot across a small open backyard. This, which had been a device of the good landlady for multiplying her accommodation for lodgers, suited me very well. While her main tenants, who occupied the rooms in the Down Street house

itself, must have paid handsomely for those rooms, I, indubitably in Down Street too, and not to be reached except through the same door in Down Street, was her one extra lodger, at a very moderate rate, in this peninsular addition at the back. The rooms were as small and plain as could well be; but they were all I wanted, and were pleasant enough. The view from them by their small windows not being inwards to the yard and house, but outwards on to walled spaces of some extent, beyond Down Street altogether, which were utilised for stabling, beating of carpets, and I know not what else, my sole connection with Down Street was by the wooden bridge or gallery I have mentioned. That bridge or gallery, having no other purpose than to lead to my rooms, belonged, I may say, entirely to myself. Except the servant, bringing my breakfast or letters, no one else used it. Every time I went out, it was by

this bridge that I passed through the house to the door in Down Street; every time I came in, I went up the stair again from the door in Down Street, and crossed this bridge to my own crib; and late at nights, when I sat alone in my crib, this bridge was my separation and protection ftom all the rest of the world.

The months I passed in that lodging in Down Street, Piccadilly, being the first months of my actual residence in London, I was naturally more alone during my stay there than ever I was afterwards in the great city. Except my friend who had taken the rooms for me before my arrival, and who used to drop in upon me pretty frequently so long as he was in town, but who was latterly called away from town on business of his own, I hardly remember having had a visitor. Within doors I had my books and little bits of writing to occupy me,

and what contact I had with the London world around me was chiefly in daily walks hither and thither by myself—often, at stated hours, in the Parks,—giving occupation to the eye rather than to the tongue. From the first, indeed, I had acquaintanceships which it was a privilege to cultivate, and which gave me opportunities for agreeable society now and then; but, as I did not tax those opportunities overmuch, there were often days together during which I did not exchange a word with a single human being, unless it might be the waiter at the tavern where I happened to dine. Hence, perhaps, the distinctness of my recollections of my little crib in Down Street, and my daily saunterings from it and returns to it. Two incidents dwell in my memory yet, attesting the exceptional solitude in which I then lived. One Friday forenoon, having gone out earlier than usual, I was perplexed by the appearance of things

in the streets. All the shops were shut; and, though great numbers of persons were moving about, and there was in other respects a more than ordinary stir, Piccadilly and the neighbouring thoroughfares seemed to have put on somehow a quasi-Sabbatic aspect. I could not make it out; and, for a moment or two, the awful query crossed my mind whether it could actually be Sunday, and whether, having gone to bed on Thursday night, I could possibly have slept through three nights and two days without being aware of the fact. That momentary whimsy being too absurd, I had the explanation still to seek. It was, in fact, the Good Friday of 1844; and, though I had heard of Good Friday before, I had never till then, in the bleakness of the Presbyterian Calendar in such matters, had the least conception of the paramount importance of that anniversary in England. Subsequent Good Fridays came to me natur-

ally enough; but it was on that day that I first heard of "Hot Cross Buns," and it was on that day that I had my eyes opened otherwise to the English significance of the Great Friday before Easter.

The other incident appertains to an evening when, having returned to my lodgings rather late, I was crossing the bridge to my peninsular sanctuary. Next door to us, in Down Street, was a most respectable public-house, whose chief business seemed to be in sending out ale to the various households in the quiet street itself, so that there was little bustle at the bar, and certainly never any disturbance; but I had become aware that at the back of the premises, and therefore running parallel with my bridge, there was a room of some dimensions, in which customers could sit in the evenings, and which could be used occasionally for club-meetings and other convivial gatherings.

The gatherings must all have been of a sedate kind; the sounds that came from the lighted back-parlour, or hall, were never uproarious. On this particular evening, however, I was arrested in my transit over my bridge by sounds louder and more complex than usual, indicating the presence of a pretty large company, assembled for some special purpose. It may have been a dramatic club; for what arrested me first was one voice, issuing from a general hush of the rest, and engaged in what seemed to be a specimen of elocutionary art for the common benefit. It was a prose-reading of some pathetic story, the greater part of which was already over, so that, from my dark listening station on the bridge above, I came in only for the end of it. That was emphatic enough. I may have heard five or six sentences altogether, each powerfully audible, and delivered with all

the tricks of a practised stage-craftsman, when the climax, and, as it chanced, the finale, came in these words:—

"I left her fifteen years ago; and, when I came back, she was—a—a—a—a—a—a —*dead.*"

The effect was most telling, especially that of the protracted artistic gasp before the descent to the deep bass of the final word; and great and prolonged applause, with a clattering of glasses on the tables, rewarded the performance. Passing on into my room, I sat some time meditating the compressed tragedy that had been flung up to me in the one all-comprehensive sentence, and wondering who they were that were enjoying themselves so laudably in the public-house parlour. It is more than twice fifteen years ago, it is actually thirty-seven years ago,[1] since I stood on the bridge and listened in the dark; and all is so fresh in my memory

[1] Written in 1881.—F. M.

that I seem to be standing there still. Where is the elocutionist now, and what has become of the rest of his audience? Are they all—a—a—a—a—a—a—*dead?*

With changes of circumstance there come changes of lodgings. I had occasion to transfer myself from Down Street, Piccadilly, to the other side of Hyde Park, to the less likeable region of streets that lies east from the Edgeware Road. Then, for some years after I returned to live in London, early in 1847, I lived—very conveniently for my purposes — in the neighbourhood of Gower Street. My subsequent London associations — all the associations of those twelve years from 1853 to 1865, during which I had a real home in London—are with the suburban region to the north of Regent's Park,—the long and leafy line of suburb that extends from the north gate of the Park, under the name of Avenue Road, to the Swiss Cottage, and thence, under the

name of Finchley New Road, out into the fields between Hendon and Hampstead. I like to think that by my last and dearest connections of house and home with London I was, and still am, in a certain sense, a denizen of Hampstead Parish. All my strongest London affections are for that northern suburb: all my most cherished recollections are centred there.[1]

Curiously enough, I had become acquainted with this suburb of London, and had taken a fancy to it, long before I knew I was predestined to belong to it. One Sunday in 1844, my friend Alexander Bain being with me, we had resolved, if possible, to walk clear out of London into

[1] My father refers here to the house in Avenue Road,—the happy, patriarchal home of our beloved grandparents, Mr and Mrs Charles Orme, whose eldest daughter he married in 1853. It was a house hospitably open to many whose names are now, and always will be, associated with what is best in the literature, the art, and the science of the nineteenth century.—F. M.

the country, and had, by a kind of instinct, selected this northern direction as that in which the feat was likely to be accomplished with greatest ease. We did accomplish it more easily than we had expected; for, having left Regent's Park behind us, we came suddenly, about the spot which is now the end of Avenue Road, to mere fields and grass, London and its buildings visibly at an end, and an absolutely open rural expanse in front. It was a fine sunny day, and we left the road and strayed into one of the fields. In the middle of it was a strange-looking object in the shape of a great upstanding drum of red brick about twelve feet high. We went round and round it, and finding no opening or slit whatever in the cylindrical surface, were greatly puzzled in imagining what it could be. We had started several hypotheses on the subject, and were resting on the grass at the foot of the mysterious structure, still pondering

the problem, when an underground noise, growing louder and louder, and at length passing as a hideous shudder directly underneath us, made us aware that we were over a railway tunnel, and that our interesting drum was a ventilating shaft. It was strange, not many years afterwards, when I came to be familiar with the neighbourhood and with everything in it, to look at the drum-still standing in the field as it had done on that bygone Sunday, and to think how ignorant both of us must have been in the matter of railways, and how recent a novelty to people in general railways must then have been, that so simple an object should have caused so much speculation.

The first railway journey of my life was to be in that year; and, as it was a run on the London and North-Western line from Euston Station to the neighbourhood of Watford, it must have carried me through the very tunnel on which we

had sat so recently pondering the problem of our brick drum. I remember the novelty of the sensation of first being carried along in that train, and my uncertainty as to time and distance as we passed the successive stations. That is but a silly recollection, however, in comparison with the vivid associations of that little journey in my memory now with one of the dearest of all my London companionships. Having renewed, early in 1844, the acquaintanceship with John Stuart Mill which I had been fortunate enough to form in my London visit of the previous year, I had seen a good deal of that eminent man before the autumn of 1844. This had been chiefly by calls on him now and then at the India House, where his office hours were from 10 to 4, and where, between 3 and 4, he was accessible to friends. His reception of me on these calls had always been kind, one special act of kindness having been

his offer, on my first call or my second, to read anything of mine in manuscript. This was a form of kindness of which large use was made, and of which he really liked use to be made, by the men of letters—and especially the young men of letters—within the circle of his acquaintance. I remember the studious politeness with which he phrased the offer in my case. I was not to think it would be a trouble to him; on the contrary, it would be a favour; he had plenty of time, and nothing he liked so much as reading manuscripts! Though I could not but value highly such an offer, only in one small instance did I avail myself of it; and the main benefit from those opportunities at the India House was the instruction I received about many things, and especially about current English and French politics and philosophy, from Mill's free and interesting talks as he walked up and down his room. Thus

my acquaintance with him had ripened into something considerable, though into nothing comparable with the intimacy of the relationship that had by this time been established between Mill and Bain. I have a fancy, indeed, on looking back now, that it was less on my own account than because I was a friend of Bain's that Mill accorded me, thus early in my acquaintance with him, the privilege of such easy access to him, when I chose, in the India House. Those afternoon calls at the India House had led, however, to hospitable reception in more domestic fashion at Kensington Square, and so to pleasant relations there with the other members of the Mill household. They were a remarkable family. When they were all together, you saw, at the time I speak of, besides Mill himself, then thirty-eight years of age, his mother, a widow since 1836, still a comely lady for her years, and a

kindly and most competent hostess; four daughters, yet unmarried; and one younger son;—all these five looking up to John now as their head, and their link of honour with the rest of the world; but all of them, even to the youngest, remembering also their dead father, by whom, to the very last days of his life, they had been carefully and even vigorously educated. Not one of the five but bore the stamp of their upbringing in a certain superiority, both of character and intellect. Of the five, I came to know three particularly; and, of those, most particularly of all, George Grote Mill, the youngest but one of the whole family. He was younger than his brother John by seventeen or eighteen years. For some time already he had been associated with him in the India House, holding a junior clerkship in the important department in which his brother was one of the chiefs. I had seen him

at his desk among other clerks in one of the large rooms on the lower floor of the India House; but it was in the house in Kensington Square that we came most easily and naturally together. We were nearly of the same age; and he had taken strongly to me, and I strongly to him. Hence, in the autumn of 1844, when he had gone with his mother and two or more of his sisters to country quarters which they had taken in the village of King's Langley in Herts,—John Stuart Mill then off somewhere else for his holiday,—an invitation to me to spend a day or two at King's Langley was very welcome. This accordingly was the occasion of my first railway journey.

What do I remember of that visit to King's Langley, in addition to the novelty of my mode of getting thither? I remember a pleasant, rural English neighbourhood, and my interest in the contiguity

of two distinct villages with such quaint names of historic origin as King's Langley and Abbot's Langley. I remember the kind hospitalities within-doors, and something of the look of the cottage in which I experienced them, and which I have never seen since. I remember one late evening walk down a steep country lane shaded by trees on both sides, and our slow return up the same lane, when it had become dark, and when, from the bank on the left side of the lane, there came upon us gleams at every step of countless glow-worms; and we were met by the uncouth descending figure of a rustic with two or three of the shining little creatures on the rim of his hat, to light him on his way homewards. I remember another walk in broad day through the woods of Cassiobury Park, the domain of the Villiers-Clarendon family, and our rest and talk somewhere in the heart of those woods, on a seat in one of the

paths, close to the gnarled root of a great tree, and on the lip, as the vision flashes itself back to me now, of some kind of sluggish, barge-bearing stream. But what I remember best and most fondly is that it was this visit to King's Langley that sealed the friendship I had begun with young George Mill.

While the fame of John Stuart Mill has gone through the world, few can know now as I do what a fund of beautiful promise there was in this younger bearer of the Mill name. Less tall than his brother, but of compact and agile figure, with finely-cut features, bright eyes, and a most winning sweetness of expression (the face altogether much resembling, as I have since noted, that of Thomas Brown, the metaphysician), he had inherited no small share of the keen family ability; had been accurately taught, and self-taught, in a considerable range of subjects, was nearly as much at home

in French as in English, and was otherwise well accomplished. Full of affectionate admiration for his brother, and nurtured, at any rate by family tradition, in the tenets of the Radical school of politics, he cherished, no less strongly than his brother did, the conviction that existing social institutions are iniquitous in many essential respects, and that the rectification of social wrongs and miseries is the supreme duty of all who have the power and the opportunity. Modestly aware, however, of his own inability to give effect to this conviction by any such public exertions as befitted the larger intellect and wider capabilities of his brother, he made no open profession of the conviction, but carried it within himself as a simple constitutional axiom, in which form he did hold to it, as one found, with an almost Shelley-like intensity of belief, quiet and undemonstrative in the main, but that might

break out suddenly in some Shelley-like action. But this you had to discover gradually, so gentle was his demeanour, so sweetly reasonable his talk, so ready was he for anything gay or humoursome in things in their yet unamended state, so docile to anything he could learn from the opinions or experience of others whose antecedents had been different from his own. All in all, I have known no more lovable nature than young George Mill. The later months of 1844 were made pleasant for me by the increased frequency of our companionship.[1]

At this point I may throw in a stray small item or two, chronicled in my memory, of this year 1844. One afternoon, early in the year, I had a sight of Samuel Rogers, the banker poet. He was walking in Hyde Park, not far from Apsley House, and was pointed out to me by a friend as he approached us—a

[1] George Grote Mill died in Madeira, July 15, 1853.—F. M.

slight, aged figure, with a peculiarly wrinkled and rather cankered-looking visage. He was then eighty-one years of age, having been born in 1763. I had seen older men, and have a vivid image yet in my mind of one strong, erect, grey-headed old soldier, a Highland veteran named Douglas, whom I had looked at with interest in my childhood, and who must have been born in or shortly after the year of Culloden. Even Culloden comes within my grasp through the tradition of a relative who used in his boyhood to stand, as he often told me, with other boys, round the peat-fire in a Morayshire cottage, watching a very old Highlander seated there in a state of sleepy and silent dotage, from which he could be roused only by one expedient. He had fought at Culloden,—that was his one last link of fact with the still living world; and a boy had only to pronounce the word

"Culloden" in his hearing, when round the old man would swing with a start, to look earnestly at the little imp and exclaim, "Och! and was *you* at the focht?" By these and other pulleys of memory I can slip back, easily enough, a good way into the eighteenth century; but the oldest born *celebrity* I have actually seen and can recollect is the poet Rogers. He lived twelve full years, still one of the celebrities of London, after that, my first and only sight of him.

Another recollection of about the same date is of one of the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League in Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre. I had dropped in late, and obtained standing-room far back in the crowded audience. If either Cobden or Bright spoke at that meeting, it had been before my entry; and the speech I heard was by Mr W. J. Fox, the well-known Unitarian

minister of Finsbury Place Chapel, and then one of the chief orators of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation. It was an able speech by an able man; but what struck me most was the extreme elaborateness and artifice of its elocution. I have never heard an orator who played on his voice with such unabashed deliberateness and delight in its tones and modulations. He played on it as if it had been a piano. The most successful passage in his speech (possibly a favourite and often delivered passage, and now, I think, preserved among his printed remains) was one in which he attacked the stock argument on the other side, that free-trade in corn would make the nation dependent on the foreigner. To illustrate the folly of this argument he asked the audience to figure to themselves the personal equipments and household furnishings and surroundings of any one of the indi-

vidual peers or great landlords of the Conservative party, by whom it was then urged so persistently. Dependent on the foreigner! Was not the very peer himself wrapped and lapped in foreign integuments, foreign habits, and foreign embellishments? Was not everything on him and about him an importation from abroad? "His dinner is dressed for him by a French cook, and he is dressed for his dinner by a French valet; and when he dies and goes to his fathers, will not the tombstone that covers his remains be of marble from the quarries of Carrara?" Intone that; and don't pronounce the last word mincingly with the English sound of the vowels, but Italianated and prolonged, as *Carrā-āra*, and you will have an idea of Mr Fox's elocution.

One day in June 1844, as I was walking up Regent Street, on the left hand, there flashed past me a splended four-

horse carriage or chariot, driven at a terrific rate, and wheeled as swiftly into the nearest cross-street on that side. It contained the great Czar Nicolas, then on his famous visit to London, and on his way at that moment from some wider drive, back to his quarters at the Russian Embassy. I had just a glimpse of his gigantic form and grand head, and accounted for the terrific pace at which he was driven by remembering that there were Russian refugees in London, and that a pistol-shot from one or other of them was not an impossibility.

Daniel O'Connell I saw once, in that year. He had just left the Reform Club; and, to elude the cordialities of a considerable crowd, mostly Irish, who were calling out, "The Liberathur! The Liberathur!" as if anxious for an address from him, he was keeping as close as he could to the inner side of the pavement, at the angle between Pall Mall and the

Athenæum Club. He had a very wide-brimmed, low hat on his large head, under which one saw his smallish nose and rich Irish mouth and chin. The incident must have been after September 1844, in which month he was liberated, by decision of the House of Lords, from the imprisonment to which he had been sentenced in the previous May by the Irish Court, before which he had been brought to trial by Peel's Government, on charges of conspiracy and sedition. Though the sentence had been reversed, and O'Connell was again at large, with nearly three years of life yet before him, the trial had paralysed his influence, and his great days were gone.

When I went to live in London, in 1844, I found that it was the custom to take only one's breakfast in one's lodgings, and to dine elsewhere. The habit, though new to me, had its advantages. The first London dining-place I was in was a small

and quiet one in an upstairs room in Coventry Street. Having been there almost daily during my fortnight's visit to London in 1843, on account of some preference for it on the part of my mentors of that visit, I returned to it for a while in 1844. Very soon, however, the neighbouring and much more frequented Hancock's, in Rupert Street, drew me off; and there, in the upstairs room, I continued for a while to dine so regularly every day, between five and six o'clock, that I can still see the figure of the dark-faced waiter, hear him giving his orders down the lift by which the dishes came up, and remember his rapid summings-up of my expenses as I prepared to go. They were moderate enough; but though the cheapness of the dinner would be surprising by a modern standard, very respectable people, I can assure you, used to dine at Hancock's. It was some amusement to a stranger in London to

look round the room, generally full as it was, and observe the faces. Occasionally there was a face known to me, as when Duncan, the Edinburgh artist, whom I had last met at Dr Chalmers's about the time when he was painting the doctor's portrait, appeared close beside me, and we renewed our acquaintance. Once I was greatly interested in a group of four or five, two of them remarkably tall and stalwart men, who were dining together very merrily, with much interchange of joke and laughter, in a corner box opposite to that in which I sat. Their speech betrayed them at once to be from the Land of Cakes; but they seemed to be so much at home that I could not doubt they were residents in the great Babylon; and they were altogether so radiant and happy that, when they proceeded to crown their dinner by having a huge basket of strawberries placed before them, and seemed disposed to prolong their dessert

indefinitely, still with jest and fun, *more Scotico*, I could hardly resist the inclination to go over, introduce myself as a compatriot dying for companionship, and ask them to let me join their party. "And why didn't you do it?" asked one of them, years afterwards, when I told him the story, — for I came to know every one of that group whom I left so merry over their strawberries in the box at Hancock's. The two stalwart men were my good friends Andrew Maclure and Robert Marshall, men not to be forgotten if once seen; and a third of the party was Orr, the publisher.

Hancock's, in Rupert Street, and more rarely Bertolini's, just off Leicester Square, received my magnificent patronage through 1844. In the later period, from 1847 onwards, or through that part of it in which the bachelor habit of dining out had still to be kept up, I may have returned to Hancock's now and then; but other places

had most of me. Let me see. There was the American Stores in Oxford Street, then a very excellent house; there was the Scotch Stores, also in Oxford Street, farther west; there was another Scotch Stores in Beak Street, off Regent Street; and there was Dolby's in Princes Street or Wardour Street, an old-fashioned house, where I used to see a select number of steady veterans always punctually eating, and reading their newspapers, at the same hour. Latterly I promoted myself to Simpson's in the Strand, or the other Simpson's at the Albion, at the foot of Drury Lane. By this time, having often a friend with me, or meeting friends whose dinner-hour in one or other of these places coincided with mine, I was less dependent on the amusement of observing strange faces. Now and then, however, there was an incident worth noting, if you were alone and idle. Once, at Simpson's in Drury Lane, there came in a tall, vener-

able, well-dressed gentleman with a grand white head,—one of the noblest-looking intellectually I had ever seen. Having seated himself in a box near me, and inquired what was to be had, he ordered cod-fish to begin with. When it was brought, his words were—

"But I say, waiter, where's the liver?"

The waiter was sorry that it had all gone already.

"D——n it, man, in ma' opinion the liver is more essential to the cod than the eyster-saace is," said my white-headed Plato, with the most perfect calmness, the oath notwithstanding, and accepting the liverless cod resignedly after all. Here was evidently another countryman of mine; but who he was I never found out. He may have been M'Culloch, the Political Economist, for all I know. He must have been a somebody, at all events; and I have treasured his aphorism as the most

incontrovertible I have ever heard a wise man utter.

When one chanced to be in the City, and wanted an early afternoon dinner there, or that still earlier stupefaction called "lunch," there were several queer little stuffy places of great celebrity—with sanded or sawdusted floors, crowded at certain hours by the business men and clerks—which it was the correct thing for a west-ender to visit. "For a chop or steak and a mealy potato there is no place like Joe's, in Finch Lane, Cornhill; but the beer is bad," was Peter Cunningham's verdict on one such City house in the first edition of his 'Handbook of London',—repealed in his second edition of 1850; and I used to wonder whether the blame outweighed the praise in the eyes of the proprietor, and whether he could have an action, if he chose, against the frank Peter or his publisher. My own ex-

perience of Joe's was that Peter was nearly right. In the same veracious and truly excellent handbook you were told: "If you can excuse an indifferently clean tablecloth, you may dine well and cheaply at the Cheshire Cheese, in Wine Office Court, in Fleet Street"! But though the Cheshire Cheese was, and perhaps is, among the most famous of the Fleet Street places, I was in it but twice. There were several other such places, each with its peculiarity, at the Temple Bar junction of Fleet Street with the Strand, where men from the neighbouring newspaper-offices used to drop in for lunch or dinner; and it was no uncommon thing to see some hard-working son of the press glancing over proofs as he ate his chops. The Rainbow was one such place; but the place of places to my taste in this neighbourhood was the Cock. It is extinct now, I believe; but what Londoner is there of the days gone by that

does not remember the old house, close to the Temple Bar, dating itself and its name from the time of Charles II., with the old symbol of the Cock over the door, the long wooden passage slightly ascending from the street to the interior room, and that homely old room itself, with its substantial old furniture, its crannies and angles, and its suggestion of unknown crypts and cellars underneath, whence they fetched the stout and other liquors? The place, doubtless, had been illustrious in dining-house legends long before Tennyson's time, and it must have been its legendary fame that recommended it to Tennyson; but places, as well as men, have to wait their lucky hour; and it was Tennyson, as all the world knows, that brought the Cock into literary glory and made it immortal. Temple Bar itself is no more, and the Cock that was beside it has crowed his last; but "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue made at the

Cock" will keep the dingy old house and its vanished comforts and capabilities in memory for ever :—

> "O plump head-waiter at the Cock,
> To which I most resort,
> How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
> Go fetch a pint of port:
> But let it not be such as that
> You set before chance-comers,
> But such whose father-grape grew fat
> On Lusitanian summers."

The port is brought; and Will Waterproof, as he sips it, falls into his reverie. He sees all his past life, back to his college days and his first love: he sees the world of the present, and hears the mingled roar of it, as if in conflux round Temple Bar outside: he dreams his dream of poetic ambition, and compares the past of literature with the present: he looks forward through a mist to the future. But he returns to the Cock, to the port before him, as long as it lasts, and to the plump head-waiter :—

"But thou wilt never move from hence,
The sphere thy fate allots;
Thy latter days increased with pence
Go down among the pots;
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
In haunts of hungry sinners,
Old boxes, larded by the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners."

This veritable head-waiter, or at least a personage who passed for him, was still in the Cock, short and plump as ever, but grey-haired and serious, when I first knew it, and for a good while after. He must have heard the first stanza of Tennyson's quoted in his presence dozens of times, if not actually addressed to him, by his more forward and witty customers. The rumour was that he rather resented the honour conferred upon him, and had been heard to say testily that gentlemen might take what liberties they liked provided they paid their scores. The phrase "Lusitanian summers" in connection with the port

was said to be somewhat of a stumbling-block to his intelligence.

After dinner you might go, if you liked, for a cup of coffee and a cigar, to the Cigar Divan, just above Simpson's in the Strand. Entering by the cigar shop below, where, in exchange for a shilling, you selected your cigar and received the bone check which entitled you also to your cup of coffee, you ascended to the spacious upper hall where you could lounge among the newspaper tables or on one of the luxurious side sofas, reading as you whiffed, or, if you were interested in chess, watching some game going on between two practised players. For the Cigar Divan was the scene of all the great chess-playing in London: it was here that some of the greatest chess battles in history were fought, and that some of the most famous chess-players in the world were to be seen—if not engaged in one of those great matches, at

least toying away their time and keeping their brains in trim by minor practice, in the sight of bewildered admirers. Mr Buckle, long before he burst on the world as a philosopher, was, as we have learnt from his biography, one of these marvels of the chess-playing faculty to be seen habitually in the Cigar Divan; and, as he must have been there some time or other when I could have come across him, I should certainly have remarked him if anybody had pointed him out, and had been able to tell with what else than chess-playing his prematurely bald head was pregnant. As it is, I remember no frequenter of the Divan more notable than a German newspaper correspondent, who seemed to spend a great deal of his time there, glancing at newspaper after newspaper, and very busy with pen or pencil over his oblong pieces of flimsy, as the hour approached when he had to despatch his gatherings by post.

On the Sundays of the year 1844 I used to go with my good and kind friend, Dr Alexander Patrick Stewart, to the Scotch Church in Regent Square. A medical man of between thirty and forty years of age, not in much practice as yet (though afterwards well known as one of the physicians of Middlesex Hospital), Dr Stewart was handsomely quartered in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. The son of the Rev. Andrew Stewart, a Scottish clergyman who had married in 1809 the youngest daughter of the tenth Lord Blantyre ("poor Margaret Blantyre has married a Presbyterian minister," is the jotting I found recently in the gossiping memories of some contemporary lady of rank), my friend had inherited a double strain of characteristics. With a certain easy joviality of temperament, and the manners and tastes of a well-bred man of the world, he combined a strong fidelity to the Scottish religious traditions

in which he had been brought up, and which were best represented now, as he had concluded, in the newly founded Free Church of Scotland. Taking pity on my solitude in lodgings when I was still strange to London, he would always have me dine with him in his chambers in Mount Street on Sundays; and he had pleasure, I believe, in seeing me with him in his pew in church beforehand, where I might have the benefit of such continued doctrine and society of the right sort as had been provided in that place for all Scots and sons of Scots who would remain faithful to their native Zion in the midst of the great Babylon. The preacher himself, the Rev. James Hamilton, was no stranger to me, being the brother of one of my most intimate college friends; and his pulpit discourses, full of gentle piety, and revealing also his cultivated understanding and literary tastes, were about the best representatives

of Scottish preaching and the Scottish accent that had been transferred to London. In private he was a man of the most genial and affectionate ways, with a tolerant ease of disposition, and fine humour. About his church in Regent Square there still lingered legends of his great predecessor, Edward Irving, for whom, in his days of London celebrity, the church had been built. Indeed, several of the most notable men of Irving's congregation, who had stood by him more or less sympathetically in his breakdown, and had tided the affairs of the Regent Square Church through the perplexity and commotion caused by the Unknown Tongues and the Irving heresies, were still among the chiefs of Hamilton's congregation, as elders or deacons. One of these was James Nisbet, the religious bookseller and publisher, of Berners Street. He was an iron-grey and rather hard-looking veteran, originally from the Scot-

tish border, who had been forty years in the London wilderness without swerving from Calvinism or Presbytery, had made the best of both worlds on that principle, and was rather boastful of his contempt for those of his countrymen who had not done the same. Once, when a friend and I were calling upon him in his shop in Berners Street, and my friend said something or other relative to literature, to which he expected assent from a man who dealt in books, Nisbet doubled him up very amusingly :—"You literary folks think a great deal of yourselves," said Nisbet; "but I could buy the whole pack of you for an old song." Though greatly amused, I was a little nettled, and thought my friend took the insult to his craft too quietly; and it was with some difficulty that, stripling though I was, I repressed the retort that rose to my lips, as I looked round on the rows of religious books, most of them trash,

by which Nisbet had made his money. But he was a very worthy man, and had made the most of one world by trading solely and exclusively on the most orthodox expectation of another.

More than any church to me, through the year 1844, and again from 1847 onwards during all my residence in London, was the reading-room of the British Museum. My memory goes back, of course, to the old reading-room, the access to which was by a kind of lane or mews from Montague Street, Russell Square. How many times I descended that lane and ascended the stairs to the great double-room where the readers were busy at their tables over books and manuscripts! I can fancy myself among them yet; I can see the face of the little man, —a Highlander, I think he was, and with a short temper,—who sat at the wicket at the end of the right half of the hall, taking the tickets, and giving out the

books when they were brought to him by the attendants inside; I can see the attendants in the hall itself, all defunct long ago, who carried the books from the wicket to the readers at the several tables. Above all, I can remember what a promiscuous assemblage the readers themselves were. Every now and then some celebrity would be conspicuous among them,—John Forster often enough, and Carlyle more rarely, when the necessity of consulting some book not to be had elsewhere overcame his nervous sensitiveness to the disturbing sights and sounds of the place; but the majority were steady labourers at the same tables day after day; a few of them ladies engaged in seeking out provender for their sustenance in one knew not what a variety of undertakings. Most of these were sufficiently well-to-do in appearance; but there were some mirth-provoking and some heart-breaking objects amongst them. Carlyle's chief horror, "the

man with the bassoon nose," can have been seldom absent; for as common a cause of sensation throughout the hall as the thud of a great folio on the floor, accidentally let fall by somebody, was the nasal thunder from some uncivilised *habitué* of one of the tables, using his handkerchief as regardlessly of all about him as if he had been in Juan Fernandez. The *habitué* that fascinated myself most painfully, however, was a squalid, pale-faced young man, whose peculiarity was that he had iron heels to his shabby boots, at least one of which was always loose; so that, as he walked down the central passage to the wicket, the clank-clank he made was like an appeal to look up and behold Literature in its extreme of wretchedness. In those days Sir Henry Ellis was the principal librarian, or head of the Museum; and I remember him as a polite little gentleman of the old school, to be seen occasionally in the reading-room. But

the gigantic and despotic Italian, Panizzi, was the chief of the department of Printed Books, with those magnificent schemes already in his head for the library and reading-room which startled the Trustees at the time, but which were carried out to the full when he rose to the principal librarianship, in succession to Sir Henry. That was not till 1856; and it was in 1857 that the present circular reading-room, which Panizzi had planned, and where his bust now most appropriately looks down on the bookish throng, superseded the old reading-room of my first acquaintance, accessible so dingily by the mews from Montague Street. It was a revolution worthy of those well-known lines of the laureate-expectant—

> Had you seen this fine hall before it was made,
> All ye London sons of the book-making trade,
> I am sure every time that your ticket admits ye,
> You would lift up your hands and bless old Panizzi.

My own allegiance to Panizzi's noble

rotunda, with its lightsome glass roof and its luxurious accommodation for readers, is not less than that I owe to its poorer predecessor. The readers in the splendid rotunda are, I think, greatly more numerous than those that were to be seen in the old double-oblong; they appear altogether of better worldly condition in the average; and the proportion of ladies among them, I am sure, is much greater. There are humours and odd sights, however, even in the new rotunda. Once, there seated himself next to me an old fellow whose movements I could not but watch. Having sent in his tickets, he sat for a while quite idle, waiting for his books. They came at last, a very considerable pile; and then he began operations. First, he put his hat between his knees, adjusting it carefully so as to receive something; then, putting his right hand into his coat-pocket behind, he

fetched thence a red handkerchief and two eggs. Under the mask of the wall of books in front of him, he proceeded to chip one of the eggs. That it was raw was more obvious than pleasant; but, by tilting his head back, and an act of suction more visible than audible, he contrived to swallow the contents, dropping the shell furtively, when he had done so, into his open hat. He immediately performed the same process with the other egg; after which, as no third egg seemed to be forthcoming, I thought the entertainment over, and drew my eyes off him to attend to my own work. When I looked again, about ten minutes later, he was fast asleep, his head nodding over the hat, into which he had dropped the red pocket-handkerchief to conceal the two egg-shells,—and not a volume of the wall of books before him so much as opened! Very possibly he was a phil-

osopher; but it must have been of some deep and peculiar school, — investigating things *ab ovo*.

Nothing marks the lapse of time more, in such a city as London, than the succession of theatrical reputations and celebrities. The actors and actresses that delight the town for a time, some even for a generation, are swept off the boards, and others ever succeed. Who are they that London runs after now? I know but vaguely;[1] not a tenth of them even by name. My recollection, however, is pretty vivid of those who were the stars of the stage when I first knew London, and used now and then to go to the Haymarket, the Princess's, the Adelphi, or the Olympic. Never, I am sorry to confess, have I seen a tragic actor, or at least an actor of Shakespearian tragedy, who realised to me the ideal I had formed

[1] Written in 1881.—F. M.

of what tragic genius might be from the traditions of Garrick, Mrs Siddons, and Edmund Kean.[1] Macready, whom I saw in "Hamlet", "Macbeth", and "King Lear", by no means answered my expectations, only his Lear coming at all near them, while his Hamlet was little less than a horror to me; and it was not in a Shakespearian play, but in "Richelieu", that I saw him in what I could suppose to be his best. After seeing his Hamlet, I remember proposing—and I shall stick to it—that the actor, in the soliloquy "To be or not to be", should be compelled to do it smoking a cigar. Charles Kean, of whom I had some recollection, — having seen him in that part of my childhood when he was beginning his theatrical career and was on a starring expedition

[1] This, written in 1881, does not apply to the present-day stage. It was, for instance, before Mr Forbes Robertson (his godson) rose to such eminence on the British tragic stage, in the character of "Hamlet".—F. M.

into the far north, — was no longer the wonderful being he had seemed then to my childish eyes. In such a melodrama as "The Corsican Brothers" he was very effective; but nothing could be more exasperating now than to sit through his performance of a part like Richard, and hear his wooden intonation in this fashion—

"Dow is the widter of our discodtedt
Bade glorious subber by the sud of York."

It is probably on account of my unfortunate experience of the poverty of the London tragic stage in those days that— though I have never ceased to remember the beautiful acting of Helen Faucit in her Shakespearian and other tragic parts, and have seen Fechter, Salvini, Irving, and others in London, and received also from Rachel, in "Les Horaces", an idea of the terrifically tragic in the French style—I find myself excessively reluctant to go to see a Shakespearian tragedy, or

indeed a tragedy of any kind. Very different is my experience of English comic acting. The genius of comic acting must be much more common than that of tragic. At all events, I can count up, even within the range of my own very moderate amount of theatre-going, not a few comedians who seemed absolutely perfect in their business; and to this day I am always surest of genuine recreation such as the theatre can afford, if, avoiding a Shakespearian night, and keeping my Shakespeare sacred in his own book, I take my chance of any of those pieces, wholly comic, or with a dash of the comic, that may be running their period,—hardly ranking as literature in any sense, but concocted by clever fellows who catch the humours of the hour; and some jumble of situations comes to you for the first time, along with the actors as they step on the stage, and you look for their names in the playbill. A classic old

comedy revived is, of course, a finer treat, if there is adequate acting; and I can remember old Farren in Sir Anthony Absolute at the Haymarket. But it was mainly in such passing pieces as I have described that I first paid my tribute of laughter to Wright, Keeley, and Buckstone. Wright, though a little vulgarised by Adelphi requirements, had, I think, the deepest and richest natural vein of the three; and I shall never forget him as a village schoolmaster lecturing his form of boys, or as the innocent young man fallen into bad company, in "Green Bushes", compelled to be a burglar against his will, and reduced at last to selling dogs' collars. Keeley, whom I came to know a little in private,[1] the most neatly dressed of stout little gentlemen, generally with a bouquet in his hand or his button-hole, was inimitable in going off the stage in a collapse of speechless

[1] He was a member of "Our Club."—F. M.

rage, indicated by feebler and feebler gesticulation, or in a paroxysm of assumed courage, but mortal terror, when marched in front of two cocked pistols, and not daring to look round, but managing his diminutive legs as jauntily as he could, and trying to whistle. Buckstone, the best Tony Lumpkin I have ever seen, was so matchless in all characters of that order when I first set eyes on him, that it was with pain I saw him in his old age, still lingering on the stage, from sad necessity, after he was a superfluous veteran, and moving about with much difficulty of joint and voice in one of his old parts. Something the same I may say of Charles Mathews, whom I saw in his prime in those parts of rapid patter and cool and *blasé* rakehood which he chiefly affected; and I was distressed beyond measure in seeing him in one of these parts when he was a walking skeleton, shortly before his death. A later favourite

on the London boards, and later in my recollection, was poor Robson. Who would not drop a tear to the memory of that extraordinary little man? In some respects he beat them all. He was delirium incarnate; and, as you saw the grotesque, small-bodied creature on the stage, trembling, writhing, and sometimes leaping, in his part, you felt that the nervous thrill he shot through you as you beheld him had begun in his own frame. But for his physical diminutiveness, and perhaps an inherent impishness or semi-lunacy, as of one of Shakespeare's clowns, in the very nature of his genius, one might have thought him born for a tragic actor; and certainly from no professed tragedian then on the stage did there come such flashes of tragic madness as from little Robson in his Greek garb, shrieking and biting his arm, in the English burlesque of "Medea". In a moment he was the buffoon again, lolling his tongue out; and

you were convulsed with his ludicrous oddity.

Was it in 1847 that I first saw Jenny Lind? It was as she ran in upon the stage at Her Majesty's Opera House in the 'Figlia del Reggimento',—a wild, fair-haired fawn of genius, all gold and goodness, from her native snow-clad hills, looking round with scared eyes, stepping rhythmically, and beating her little drum. No operatic sensation in my memory equals that. What a ravishment about Jenny Lind there was that season throughout London,—crammed houses every night to hear her and adore her in public; and the old Duke of Wellington hanging about her at private concerts like an enamoured grandfather, and forgetting Waterloo as he put her shawl round her after her songs! I have never been able to forgive Dr Stanley, the amiable Bishop of Norwich, for abstracting the Swedish Nightingale from the stage, by possessing

her with notions on that subject less liberal than might have been expected from him, and so depriving thousands of the pleasure she might have given them for years after her regretted retirement. Why should an oratorio or a morning concert be safer or more lawful than an opera?

Two boys of strict Free Church parentage and upbringing in a Scottish town were comparing iniquities. One boasted that he had furtively been at a circus-show. "Ah, but I have done worse than that," said the other, "for I've been ance in the pit at the theatre and twice in the Established Kirk."

There were a number of forms and places of amusement in and about London, apart from the regular theatres, of which it was considered essential, under the pretext of studying "London life", that every young resident, especially if he had any connection with the profession of letters, should have some experience.

Greenwich Fair, now abolished, was once a great half-yearly institution on the skirts of London, preserving, I suppose, the main features of such older things as Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair; and I can remember my astonishment at the sight of such an unrestrained revel of open-air enjoyment and devil-may-care abandonment of both sexes to the fun and humour of the moment as broke upon me once in 1844, when I threaded my way, with the friend who piloted me, among the crowds gathered in Greenwich Park and on One Tree Hill. There was universal use, by lads and girls, of a mischievous little wooden instrument, with a rasp or toothed wheel, for rubbing down your back as they passed you, and making you believe that your coat was torn; lads and girls, and even staid men and women, were running down One Tree Hill, or rolling down it, in giggling avalanches; and, on the level, the favourite

game was kiss-in-the-ring. In this game, each ring consisted of a voluntary association of young men and women, most of whom had never seen each other before; in each, a selected young woman took her station in the centre in turn; and it was for the happy swain, on whom her thrown handkerchief alighted, to run in from the circumference and salute her,—always politely raising his hat at the critical instant. Then, all along the heath, there were the refreshment-booths and dancing-booths, where the fun was even more furious. There Bacchus and Venus coquetted no less openly than in Burns's Poosie Nansie's, though a thousand times more elegantly dressed, and a thousand times better-tempered. And the two or three lady visitors who had come out of curiosity,—London lady-novelists, I fancied them to be, or could they be lady-philanthropists?—passed rapidly through, leaning on the arms of their masculine escorts,

and with black dominoes over their eyes. Altogether, though there was nothing outrageously indecorous, and a great deal that was the mere frolic of pleasant holiday humour and roused animal spirits, I obtained an idea of that "Merry England" of the Olden Time against which the Puritans had set their faces, and could understand their reasons.

One could gather the same lesson, though more mildly, without going so far as Greenwich. Vauxhall Gardens, for example, was then a place of entertainment where, after gorgeous displays of fireworks, tight-rope dancing in a blaze of light, and other varieties of gymnastic or semi-dramatic performance, the business resolved itself into mere promenading and dancing.[1]

[1] Among my father's dictated memories is one about Vauxhall which may be incorporated here: ". . . On one occasion there, I saw a form of amusement which I have never seen since. Two men, who looked as if they might be on one of the London papers, were going about to-

Attended by men only were those celebrated supper-rooms which were at the same time singing-halls. Famous in this class,—and conducted in every way with the most scrupulous respectability consistently with the assemblage of some scores of men at long tables, with viands and liquors before them, and most of them with cigars in their mouths,—was Evans's, *alias* Paddy

gether, and fixing on some other man, and making believe he was drunk. They fixed, I remember, on a particularly sober, stalwart, comfortable-looking man,—a youngish man, too,—and began by saying to each other, 'What a pity he is in such a condition!' and so on; and they worked him up at last to a state of exasperation I never saw equalled. There was a good deal of the ludicrous in the trick, but it was cruel too; and I remember it particularly, because, as I was standing watching it, one of the two men turned as if he would have tried the same thing on me; and then, with one sharp look at me, he said, '*You work with your head!*'—and turned off." My father used to say that, in after years, he fancied he recognised this man in a brilliant and successful literary man of his day, a fellow-member with himself of "Our Club", and I think also of the Garrick and Athenæum.—F. M.

Green's, in Covent Garden. Not more than twice, I think, and both times after 1847, was I in this famous evening hostelry; but I have the honour of remembering, as doubtless others can, the immortal Paddy himself, going about among his guests with his smiling and witty Irish face, and his ever-ready snuff-box; and also Paddy's factotum and right-hand man, the big Herr von Joel. This last was a wonder; for, after acting as waiter, and handing round the cigars,—for one of which he never gave you any change, whatever coin you gave him,—he would mount a table and whistle the most complex musical air with a common walking-stick for his flute, or imitate with his unaided organs all the noises of a farm-yard, successively and in chorus, from the clucking of hens to the lowing of cows, the grunting of pigs, and the braying of a donkey. Paddy Green and his

Herr von Joel are now among the ghosts of Covent Garden.

It was a decided descent, but a descent regarded as obligatory now and then on those who would know something of the night side of London, to substitute for the classic Evans's, when you thought of a visit to a supping-place, the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane. They were a surviving specimen of several popular places of the kind in that neighbourhood that had been in vogue from the days when Edmund Kean, as I have been informed on good authority,[1] used to adjourn to one or other of them for potations, after his theatrical labours of the night, and could sometimes be induced, by clamorous calls, to favour the company with a speech or recitation, held up on

[1] The authority referred to here by my father was my grandfather, Mr Orme. It was one of my grandfather's memories of the still older London of his own youth.—F. M.

his feet by supporters while he did so. In the invaluable Peter Cunningham's account of Maiden Lane, the Cider Cellars come in for special notice. He describes them as "a favourite haunt of Professor Porson, still frequented by young men, and much in vogue for devilled kidneys, oysters, and welsh rarebits, cigars, glasses of brandy, and great supplies of London stout"; and he adds, "singing is cultivated: the comic vein prevails." There can be no doubt, however, that this was the place which Thackeray had chiefly in his eye in his description of "the Cave of Harmony" in the first chapter of the 'Newcomes'; and to that chapter any one may be referred who desires to know what was the nature of the entertainment at the Cider Cellars, and especially what kinds of singing were in favour. Besides those improvisations from little Nadab, and those old English songs of patriotism and sentiment which

so delighted the good and simple Colonel, just home from India, when he and his son made their memorable visit to the Cave, there was apt to be too much of that ribald vein which was judiciously suppressed on the occasion of the Colonel's presence, till it broke out, to the Colonel's horror and disgust, in the volunteered ditty of the tipsy reprobate Captain Costigan. What would the Colonel have thought of that particular song of the place which for a whole season, as I can vouch, was the talk of the town, and drew hundreds nightly to hear it, Thackeray himself, and the *élite* of the London club world and literary world included? It was certainly not a song *virginibus puerisque*, any more than Captain Costigan's was, though on a different account; but, as I want to be veracious, and as I do not know but there may be some use in the record of a horrify-

ing scrap of fact of this kind, I will dare to put in print my recollection of the great Ross of the Cider Cellars, in his character of "Sam Hall".

The evening is pretty far advanced; and the supping groups at the crowded tables, grey heads and literary celebrities among them, have composed themselves, in a lull following previous songs, for the appearance of the great Ross. He makes his appearance at last, in a kind of raised box or pulpit in one corner of the room;—a strange, gruesome figure, in ragged clothes, with a battered old hat on his head, his face stained and grimed to represent a chimney-sweep's, and a piece of short black pipe in his mouth. Removing his pipe, and looking round with a dull, brutal scowl or glare, he begins, as if half in soliloquy, half in address to an imaginary audience, his slow chaunt of the condemned felon,

whose last night in prison has come, and who is to be hanged next morning :—

"My name it is Sam Hall,
Chimney-sweep,
Chimney-sweep:
My name it is Sam Hall,
Chimney-sweep.
My name it is Sam Hall;
I've robbed both great and small;
And now I pays for all:
Damn your eyes!"

Some three or four stanzas follow, in which the poor semi-bestial, illiterate, and religionless wretch, in the same slow chaunt, as if to a psalm-tune, anticipates the incidents of the coming morning;—the arrival of the sheriffs, the arrival of the hangman, the drive to Tyburn; each stanza, however heart-broken, ending with the one ghastly apostrophe which is the sole figure of speech that life-long custom has provided for his soul's relief. Thus :—

"And the parson he will come,
He will come,
He will come:

And the parson he will come,
He will come.
And the parson he will come,
And he'll look so blasted glum;
And he'll talk of Kingdom Come:
Damn his eyes!"

The last stanza of all will be addition enough :—

"And now I goes upstairs,
To the drop,
To the drop:
And now I goes upstairs,
To the drop;
And now I goes upstairs,
There's a hend to all my cares:
So you'll tip me all your prayers:
Damn your eyes!"

A black bit of London recollection this, certainly; but, strong as it is, it has seemed worth preserving. Whether the song of Sam Hall is in print anywhere, or who wrote it, I know not; but I daresay I could recover the whole from my memory, such was the impression it made that evening I heard the great

Ross sing it.[1] He was, I afterwards learnt, an Aberdeen man, who had begun his career of tavern-singer in more lowly haunts, and had at length, by strange chance, flashed out in this one part for a season before the gathered night-herds of London. What became of him, poor fellow, I never heard.

[1] Since these *Memories* have appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine', the following information has been kindly sent me by Mr Stephen Ponder: "Sam Hall is not yet extinct. It is still popular in Australia and the United States of America, and I have heard it sung by a Dutchman in Sumatra a very few years ago. But Ross, or whoever was the author, simply adapted the very much older ballad of 'Captain Kidd':—

'My name was Captain Kidd
When I sailed, when I sailed,
My name was Captain Kidd
When I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd,
And God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did,
When I sailed.'

. . . I remember a 'variant' of 'Sam Hall' being made to suit the Kelly gang in Victoria thirty years ago."—F. M.

III.

MAZZINI.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since I first saw Mazzini.[1] It was in a room in the north part of London where he had politely called, in acknowledgment of a slight claim I had on his acquaintance through my friendship in another city with a fellow-countryman of his who was very dear to him.[2] I remember well the

[1] This was written in 1872.—F. M.

[2] This was my father's friend, Agostino Ruffini,—"Dear Ruffini." The Ruffinis of Genoa, "as noble a family of brothers as Italy could boast," were among the most deeply implicated of the patriots of 1833; and more than one of them met with a tragic fate. Jacopo Ruffini died in prison, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Giovanni and Agostino, driven into exile, lived together

first sight of him as he entered, sat down, and immediately began to talk. He was then thirty-eight years of age, retaining much of that grace and beauty for which he had been famous when he first fascinated his Genoese college-companions, drew them into sympathy with his dreams, and imagined the association afterwards known as Young Italy. One knew at once that slight figure, in a dark and closely-fitting dress, with the marvellous face of pale olive, in shape a

in Switzerland, Paris, and London. Then, in 1840, Agostino settled in Edinburgh as a teacher of Italian; and there my father came to know him. After the revolution of 1848, the Ruffinis returned to Italy, and Agostino was chosen deputy to the Sardinian Parliament from his native city of Genoa, while Giovanni, who had lived chiefly in France, was for a time Ambassador from the kingdom of Sardinia to the French Republic. He was to become known as John Ruffini, the novelist, author of 'Lorenzo Benoni' and 'Doctor Antonio'; but for Agostino, the grave, gentle, sensitive younger brother, whose health had already suffered in our cold northern climate, the sunshine of his native Italy came too late. He died at Taggia, January 3, 1855.—F. M.

long oval, the features fine and bold rather than massive, the forehead full and high under thin dark hair, the whole expression impassioned and sad, and the eyes large, black, and preternaturally burning. His talk was rapid and abundant, in an excellent English that never failed, though it was dashed with piquant foreign idioms, and pronounced with a decidedly foreign accent. The matter on that occasion was discursive, and the manner somewhat *distrait*, as if he were on a visit of courtesy which he wanted to get through, and which need happily involve no farther trouble to his recluse habits and the pursuit of his many affairs. He was then, living in an obscure off-street from the City Road, somewhere beyond the New River, in the house, I believe, of an Italian tradesman, who was one of his devoted followers; but one had been forewarned that he did not expect chance visitors there, and that

indeed such visitors would not be likely to find him. As it happened, however, this my first sight of Mazzini was by no means the last. By a concurrence of circumstances, I met him again and again in the house of one or another of the very few English families that enjoyed his intimacy, till at length I came to know him well; and what hardly promised to be an acquaintanceship became for me one of the friendships of my life, for which I thank Fate, and which I shall ponder till I die. Through many years, as he flashed from England to the Continent, and from the Continent back to England, I watched him, with some general knowledge of his designs, — at one important crisis, indeed, with thorough admiration, and such hopes for his success as could not but be yielded by any who understood the grand essentials of his drift, and the state of the poor Italy he longed to renovate; afterwards with

undiminished affection, but perhaps more of doubt and dissent, as he pushed on, past great achieved success, to those extreme specialities of his programme about which one was more indifferent or less informed. Vaguest of all is my cognisance of his doings during the last seven or eight years. No longer in London, save at intervals, I had lost the customary opportunities of seeing him; and a newspaper rumour now and then, or a more private message sometimes as to his whereabouts and the state of his health, was all I had to trust to. The last time I saw him was, I think, about two years ago. He was then in a lodging at Brompton; and I found him painfully emaciated and weak from long illness, but full of kindly interest in persons and things, his spirit unabated, and the black eyes beaming with their old lustre. And now he is dead at Pisa, at the age of sixty-three; and, while the world at large

is agreeing that all in all he was one of the most memorable men of his time in Europe, though there are the strangest variations in the particular estimate, here am I recalling my own experience of him, the memory of bygone evenings in his society, the sound of his voice amid other voices, and the touch of his hand at parting.

> "Friends, I owe more tears
> To this dead man than you shall see me pay."

Above all, it is as the Italian Patriot that the world thinks of Mazzini. The summary of his aims in that character had been set forth by himself, systematically and once for all, as early as 1831, when he was first a refugee in France, flung out from his native land in the ardour of his pure youth, and with no other means of acting upon that land than conspiracy and propagandism.

Italy must be a Republic, one, free, and

independent! This was the programme of the Young Italy Association, inscribed in all its manifestoes, and repeated and expounded everlastingly. Grasp the phrase in its full meaning, and in all the items of its meaning, and you have that political creed from which Mazzini, as an Italian politician, never swerved, and never, save perhaps at one or two moments of practical exigency, could be made even to seem to swerve. But, though the phrase was from first to last a glowing whole in his mind, and the very accusation against him was and is that he would not break it into its items, the fact that it does consist of items which may be taken separately ought to be distinctly apprehended in any retrospect of his life. The items are three, and they ought to be taken in the reverse order;—the Independence and Freedom of Italy first, the Unity of Italy next, and the Republicanism of Italy last. First, next, and last,

I repeat, were the very words which Mazzini abhorred in the whole matter. The first could not be except by and with the next, nor that except through the last. If the new Italian Patriotism was to be worth anything, if it was not to be mere Macchiavellism or mere Carbonarism revived, and to die out in pedantry and cowardly drivel as these vaunted originals had done, its very characteristic must be that the three things should be kept together in thought, and that in action every stroke should be for all at once, or for one as implying all! Nevertheless, if only to demonstrate this necessary identity of the three ideas, they might be held up separately in exposition.

The Independence and Freedom of Italy! This meant the hurling out of the Austrian, whose hoof had been so long the degradation of her fairest provinces, and the rectification at the same

time of the petty domestic tyrannies which the Austrian upheld. Well, where was the Italian that could say nay to that; and where over the wide world were men —themselves living and breathing as men, and not lashed and tortured like beasts— that could refuse this deliverance to the Italians whenever the time should come? About this part of the programme there could be no controversy.

Ay, but the Unity of Italy! What necessity for that; what chance of it? Did not many of the wisest Italians themselves look forward merely to an Italy of various governments, each tolerably free within itself, and all perhaps connected by some kind of Federation; was not that also the notion of the most liberal French politicians, and of the few Englishmen that troubled themselves with any thought about Italy at all? Universally, would not the speculation of a United Italy be scouted as a mad Utopia? Let them

rave, replied Mazzini. The idea of a single Italian nation, one and united, had been, he maintained, an invariable form of thinking in the minds of all the greatest Italians in succession, from Dante to the Corsican who had Europeanised himself as Bonaparte; and an examination of the practical conditions of the problem of Independence and Freedom would also, he maintained, show that problem to be insoluble except in the terms of Unity.

Well, but why a Republic? If some existing Italian potentate, with due ambition in his heart and something of better fibre to aid, (Charles Albert of Piedmont, for example, once a Carbonaro, and with some shame of his recreancy said to be gnawing at his conscience and stirring to thoughts of atonement), if such a potentate, already in command of an armed force, were to head a war of Independence, drive out the Austrian,

and cashier the rabble of tyrannical princes, would there not then be a United and Free Italy, and might not the crown be his? Or if, in the course of a popular revolution, some great soldier were to emerge, crashing the opposition, like another Napoleon, by his military genius, would it not be in accordance with analogy, and for the security of the work done, to raise him to the sovereignty? Young Mazzini had ruminated these questions, and one can see signs of a faltering within himself before he answered them. Republican as he was, Republican as he meant to be, there was plausibility in the forecasts hazarded. Facts might take that course; it was the way of facts to take any course; precedents were perhaps in favour of the agency of kings and great soldiers in wars of national liberation; it would not do for a young theorist, who would welcome his motherland liberated any-

how, to stand too stiffly on the banks of his own ideal channel towards that end, only to see it empty after all, and events flowing in another! Hence a certain published Appeal to Charles Albert, much talked of at the time. The Appeal was read by that monarch; and he threw it into his waste-paper basket, with orders that, if ever the writer showed his face again in Italy, he should be laid fast in the nearest prison. No need then, Mazzini concluded, for any further hesitation. The Republicanism so dear to himself in theory was put into the programme of the Young Italy Association, as equally indispensable with the oath for Independence and Liberation and the vow of ultimate Unity. The reasons were duly given. The advent of a Patriot-King, or of a conquering soldier who would win the freedom of his country by winning a crown for himself, was declared to be an impossible phenomenon.

The time for such things was past. There were epochs and eras in human affairs, and when an old era came to a close the methods of that era ceased to be the methods of Providence. Mazzini always had this large semi-mystical way of reasoning about eras and epochs, of listening to the vast march through the vacancies of Time, and being sure of its divisions and halts. Especially he announced that the world had passed through the stage of Individualism, Machiavellism, the accomplishment of God's purposes for humanity by the mere deeds and scheming of particular persons, and that the era of Association, collective effort, action by the will and heart of every people for itself, and of all peoples united, had at last begun. The very struggle for Liberty which had been going on, with ever-increasing results, through all previous ages of the world, had consequently now changed its form

and the state of its parties. Essentially the struggle had always been one between Privilege and the People; but the battle in all its previous forms of antagonism had rather been for the People than by the People. Such forms of the eternal contest had been that for Personal Liberty against Slave-owning, the Plebeians against the Patricians, Catholicism against Feudalism, the Reformation against Catholicism, Constitutional Government against Arbitrary Power. Now, however, that Privilege had been brought to its last agonies by such a succession of contests, the essential nature of the struggle which had been involved in them all was more nakedly disclosed. What had always been a struggle between Privilege and the People might now proclaim itself in all the simple generality of that name; and the People themselves, in the final strife against the last shreds and fastnesses of Privilege, might be their

own proctors and advocates, and might dispense with champions and intermediaries. Yes! all the complexities of the social tackling, all the scaffoldings of the supposed pyramid, had now been struck away; and the People, assembled multitudinously as on one level plain, might look up direct to Heaven, with nothing to distract the view. *Dio e Popolo*—God and the People—such, for all peoples, was to be the true formula of the future. Translated into ordinary political language, this, for most peoples, could mean only Pure Republicanism. In Great Britain alone would Mazzini recognise an exception. For certain positive and practical reasons, connected with her special insular history, he thought Constitutional Government suitable for her, and likely to be suitable for a long time to come. But of all nations Italy was the one specially fitted for Republicanism. Her greatest traditions, her peculiar glories, were

Republican. Whatever associations of coarseness, cruelty, or meanness other nations might have with the word Republicanism in recollection severally of their past histories, the word had come down in the Italian mind entwined with memories of heroism, high-mindedness, Poetry and Art at their noblest, all that was exquisite and even fastidious in scholarship and culture, the fullest richness of social life, the truest enterprise in commerce, the utmost originality of individual genius. Let Young Italy represent the real soul of the nation! Paying no heed to the remonstrances or the jeers of the so-called Practical Statesmen, the Pedants and Diplomatists, the Individualists and Macchiavellians, let them blazon on their banner the symbol of an Italian Republic as the only possible form of a future Italy that should also be independent, free, and one!

For forty years Mazzini fought for the programme of his youth. He lived to see part of it accomplished, and he has died labouring for the rest.

For seventeen of these forty years (1831-1848) he was known only as the Italian agitator and conspirator, driven from France into Switzerland, and thence into England, corresponding incessantly by unknown means with his adherents in various parts of Italy, diffusing his ideas more especially among the youth of Italy by contraband writings and a machinery of secret societies, and promoting every possible attempt at an insurrection anywhere in the Peninsula. He was near the end of this stage of his career when I first saw him. Respectable England had grown alarmed, some two or three years before, at the existence of such a man within her bounds, and had begun to question whether he ought to be allowed a con-

tinued refuge in London. Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, had opened his letters in the post-office.[1] There were the wildest stories not only of his promoting insurrections, but even of his encouraging assassination. But the storm had passed, and had been followed by a reaction. Sir James Graham had been obliged publicly to retract the most odious of his charges. English indignation had been roused at the discovery of a spy-system in a Government office. Mr Carlyle had published his letter, avowing his personal intimacy with Mazzini, and testifying that, whatever he might think of Mazzini's "practical insight and skill in worldly affairs," he knew him to be, if ever he had seen such, "a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind." By that time also other persons

[1] See Irving's 'Annals of our Time', June 14 and 15, and July 2, 1844, pp. 72, 73.—F. M.

of distinction in the metropolis, knowing Mazzini by his more purely literary contributions to English periodicals, had contracted the same high regard for him; and there were particular English families whose proved affection for him drew him at length gently and irresistibly out of his exclusive daily companionship with the Italian refugees that formed his working staff, and made him and these associates of his happier, not only by their sympathies with the Italian cause generally, but also by their aid in schemes of relief for the poor Italians in London, and of schooling for their children. And so Mazzini lived on in London, with his eyes always on Italy.

How strange to remember now the accession of Pius IX. to the Popedom in 1846, and the subsequent news, in 1847 and 1848, that he was proving himself, by act after act, a rarity among Popes, bent on reforming his states, and govern-

ing constitutionally! What hopes, what speculations, over the new Pontificate! Pshaw!—Ere men had learnt the new Pope's name, down went he, and all the hopes clustered round him, in a universal vortex. "Abdication of Louis-Philippe" flamed the newspaper placards all along Fleet Street one day early in 1848; and through that year and the next what a crush of commotions and surprises, revolutions and counter-revolutions, all through Europe! Restlessness seemed normal, and Astonishment had her fill. On the signal from France, the peoples were up everywhere. Oppressed nationalities and states, with long accounts to settle, were facing their tyrants at their palace-doors; and the tyrants, bowing penitently from the doorsteps, were swearing to new constitutions as fast as they were presented, any number of perjuries deep. Italy, more peculiarly, was a sight for Mephistopheles in this respect. How Ferdinand

II. of Naples, and the minor princelings through the length of the Peninsula, were trembling and swearing in their several states, if perchance they might keep their thrones, while old Radetzky and his Austrians, unable to stand against the popular uprisings of the Lombards and the Venetians, were relaxing their hold of the north! One Italian sovereign, indeed, stepped forward in another spirit. This was Charles Albert of Piedmont, the old Carbonaro. *He* undertook now that nobler part he had grimly declined some seventeen years before, when the young Mazzini had tried to thrust it upon him. He would show now that only prudence and common-sense had then kept him back, and that, the conditions being ripe, Italy *might* have in him such an actual patriot-king as the too rapid Republican enthusiast had declared to be an impossibility. As King of Sardinia, Charles Albert took Lombardy under his

protection, proclaimed himself the champion of all Italy against the Austrian, and called upon the other Italian princes to send their contingents to the aid of his Piedmontese army. They all did so, with more or less of heart;—Ferdinand of Naples with the least of all, but compelled by his people. For everywhere the populations hailed Charles Albert, the Mazzinians or Republicans no less than the Moderates; nay, Mazzini himself in the midst of his Mazzinians, again willing for the moment, as it seemed, that the Republican theory should go into abeyance in the presence of immediate and paramount duty. He had hurried from England, through France, into Lombardy, on the first news of that insurrection of the Lombard cities and Venice against their Austrian masters (March 1848) which had given Charles Albert also his opportunity. Was the conspirator Mazzini to be seen as a volunteer, then, in the army

of Charles Albert? He ought to have been, people afterwards said; it was the accusation afterwards both against him and the Venetian Manin that they impeded Charles Albert, fomented Republican distrust in him, and kept fresh forces from joining his standard. On the other side, the blame was thrown on the king. He wanted, it was said, to fight mainly with regular troops, and looked coldly on volunteers, especially of the Mazzinian sort. Certain it is that there was jealousy or mismanagement somewhere, and that it turned to the advantage of the Austrians. In July 1848 the strategy of Radetzky beat Charles Albert utterly, recovered Lombardy, and dispersed the general Italian cause into fragments. It was among these fragments, however, that Mazzini found occasion for a feat, perhaps the most heroic and characteristic of his own entire life, and certainly the most momentous in that war of Italian

Independence. The Pope, probably adverse to the war from the first, had become decidedly pro-Austrian after Charles Albert's defeat, and had consequently lost his popularity with his Roman subjects. In November, accordingly, he thought it safest to flee from Rome in disguise, and take refuge at Gaeta in the Neapolitan territories. The Romans, left to themselves, and unable to persuade him to return, at length called a Constituent Assembly of 150 delegates elected by universal suffrage, and by the all but unanimous vote of this Assembly (the dissentients *eleven* at most) the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was abolished, and the Roman States were converted into a Republic (Feb. 1849). These steps had just been taken when Mazzini, who had meanwhile been wandering about in Lombardy as a volunteer with Garibaldi's irregulars, and had since gone into Tuscany, arrived in the Eternal City. He

had never seen it before; he was a Genoese by birth; but what of that? He was received by the Romans with acclamations, elected at once to the Assembly, and then appointed the chief of the Triumvirs to whom the executive of the new Republic was entrusted.[1] The use of such a man in such a post soon appeared. Ferdinand of Naples, rampantly pro-Austrian ever since Charles Albert's defeat, had been taking leisurely revenge on his poor Neapolitan subjects for their patriotic misdemeanour; and in March 1849 he had the further pleasure of cannonading the still insurgent Sicilians into renewed subjection. In the same month, the unfortunate Charles Albert, who had again taken the field against the Austrians, was again shattered by Radetzky at Novara, and had nothing left but to abdicate the Sardinian crown in

[1] The second of the Triumvirs, Count Aurelio Saffi, was also a dear friend of my father's.—F. M.

favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and go into exile to die. Only two relics of the once hopeful Italian Revolution then remained in the entire Peninsula—the Roman Republic, governed by Mazzini; and the city of Venice, also a self-declared Republic, besieged by the Austrians, and resolutely defended by Manin. Were these two relics also to be overwhelmed? Was there no hope? Would no foreign Power, for example, interfere? The mass of the Italians, in their ignorance, thought even of Great Britain. Mazzini knew better; he knew that interference in Italian affairs was not in Great Britain's way, and that least of all was she likely to stir herself very heartily for things calling themselves Republics. But from France, anti-Austrian France, herself a Republic, and the beginner of the whole European Revolution which Austria was now undoing? Well, the French Republic did interfere; but it was after the oddest

fashion. She left Venice to the mercy of the Austrians, and she sent an army of 30,000 soldiers, under General Oudinot, to Civita Vecchia, with orders to march upon Rome, put down the mushroom Roman Republic, and restore the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Louis Napoleon was then in the fourth month of his Presidency of the French Republic; but the expedition had been planned by the Republican Cavaignac, and had the concurrence of M. Thiers, M. de Tocqueville, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and all the leading French politicians. Great Britain also had intimated her assent, on the principle that the restoration of the Pope to his dominions "under an improved form of government" would be particularly agreeable to every candid Protestant mind. And so General Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia, and marched to Rome, expecting that the Assembly and the Triumvirs would behave sensibly, recognise the will

of France, and offer no opposition. Then was the hour of Mazzini. He knew that Rome must fall; but he had made up his mind that in her fall there should be buried the seeds of her renovation, and a bond for all Italy which the world would one day honour. For two months the Romans, with 14,000 armed men among them—Mazzini in the centre, and the larger-framed Garibaldi in his red shirt heading the suburban sallies and showing what street-fighting might be—maintained the defence of the city against the besieging French army; and when, on the 3rd of July 1849 the French did enter Rome, it was over corpses and ruins. Seven weeks afterwards Venice surrendered to the Austrians after a bombardment; and in April 1850 the Pope came back from Gaeta to Rome, to resume his temporal sovereignty under the protection of French bayonets.

The last two-and-twenty years of Maz-

zini's life (1850-1872) make a story very straggling in itself, inasmuch as he is not seen as the direct agent in the wonderful transformation of Italy then actually accomplished, but mainly as the incessant idealist of the transformation, foiled in his attempts to get the practical management of it into his own hands, or even to regulate it in his own way, and obliged to be only the inspirer of others, and their critic when they did not satisfy him. Having returned to England, and resumed in London his character of refugee, conspirator, and propagandist, he occupied himself for some years in denouncing more especially the French occupation of Rome, and the conduct of the French generally in the affairs of Italy, including in his rebukes not only Louis Napoleon, first as president and then emperor, but also the other responsible politicians, many of them anti-Napoleonists. This was the time also, I think, of the first general

awakening of people in England and Scotland, by Mazzini's influence, to some knowledge of Italian affairs, and some interest in them. Now, too, there was his temporary alliance with Kossuth, the arrival of whom in England, and the extraordinary eloquence and subtlety of his speeches in English, were a public topic for many months. From the attempt so made to link Italy and Hungary in an anti-Austrian league nothing very practical followed; but it led to picturesque groupings in the more private circles of London refugeedom and cosmopolitanism. Kossuth and Mazzini might now be seen side by side, with other Hungarians and Italians round them, and a due sprinkling of Englishmen and Americans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Russians; and on rare occasions, when Garibaldi's ship chanced to come into the London Docks, one had a glimpse of that hero, with his noble figure, and his fair, calm, trust-

worthy face. Plottings, I daresay, there were; and ever and anon there was a flutter through France and Italy about some intended Mazzinian movement, or some supposed vision of Mazzini himself near the Italian frontier. He was the stormy petrel of European politics, the newspapers continually said. So in a sense he was; but not unfrequently, when he was reported to be abroad, and the French and Austrian police were watching for him, he was quietly smoking a cigar, or listening to Tamberlik in a London room. Tamberlik! What an evening was that when this great singer sang *Italia! O Italia!* in a room filled with refugees and their friends, and the air around you was a-shiver with the intensity of feeling that trembled through the voice, and at the close the applause was like a yell of fury, and strong young men flung themselves upon his neck with sobbings and embracings!

Italia! O Italia! The work of 1848-49 had not been quite in vain for her. She was somewhat freer than she had been; the system of tyranny that racked her had been shaken and loosened. Above all, there was one solid block of her population enjoying constitutional freedom and good administration in tolerable degree, and yielding example, hope, and encouragement to the rest. Bluff King Victor Emmanuel of the Sardinian States had remained steady to the later policy of his father; and he had the matchless Cavour for his Minister. It was on this quiet, deep, sagacious, humorous man, covering the furthest aims and the most determined zeal for them under the richest fertility in shifts and compromises—this statesman of the Individualist or Macchiavellian type, as Mazzini would have called him—that there devolved after all the successful scheming for Italy's liberation. He and Napoleon III. put

their heads together; and there was the alliance of the French and the Sardinians in a new war against Austria, ending in some gain for the French Emperor, but also in the formation of a Northern Italian Confederation or kingdom of North Italy, with Victor Emmanuel at its head (July 1859). Not a Mazzinian Republic, then, but a constitutional kingdom, was to be the form of a substantially liberated Italy. Nay, even, as it proved, of an Italy whole and united! For now the Republican Garibaldi, accepting the Kingdom of North Italy as an accomplished fact, volunteered daringly to give it the necessary extension. An insurrection, devised in part by him and Mazzini, had broken out in Sicily against the Neapolitan king, Francis II.; and, plunging into the midst of this, with the battle-cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," Garibaldi was able, in the course of a few months, to win Sicily and Naples too, and hand them over to

his royal master, saluting him "King of Italy," and receiving the reply "I thank you." (October 1860). In February 1861 the first united Italian Parliament met at Turin; and in March the Kingdom of Italy was formally recognised by Great Britain. There was yet much to do, however, to accomplish the complete unification: especially there was the Papal sovereignty in the Roman States, with the French force guarding it, lying like an extraneous lump in the middle of the Peninsula. The steps of the further process by which the unification has been made perfect — the removal of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence, the plotting and negotiations for the possession of Rome, the evacuation of Rome by the French troops in the pressure of the great struggle between France and Germany, the consequent incorporation of Rome also with the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and the transference

of the capital at last to the ever-glorious city—are all matters of recent recollection.[1] Neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi, I believe, was unfelt through all this later process. The signalling to Rome, the constant stirring of the national passion for Rome as the consummation, was their share of the duty. Not that they were contented. Even Garibaldi, we know, had his tempers; and, though they would fain have pensioned him, and hung golden collars round his neck, and cushioned him softly for the rest of his life, they had to take notice of his outbreaks, actually shoot at him, and cage him up like a lame old lion. With Mazzini it was worse. Transformed Italy would have been glad to welcome him permanently back too, and to assuage his declining years with luxury, rewards, and honour. He did visit this transformed Italy and receive homage in some of her cities;

[1] Written in 1872.—F. M.

but she was not transformed, alas! completely to his mind. His dream of a Republican Italy had remained unfulfilled; and even in the system of a Royalist and Constitutional Italy, as he conceived that imperfect system might be made to work, he found much to blame, and many shortcomings of what was attainable. And so he died in Pisa, plotting no one knows what; and, though the assembled Italian Parliament in Rome have properly signified their remembrance of all that Italy owes to him, they may have felt his death as a practical relief. When a prophet dies whose *Excelsior! Excelsior!* has never ceased for forty years, there may be hope for rest and routine.

Of Mazzini's share in that great transformation of modern Italy, which is one of the most remarkable, and surely one of the most beneficial, facts in the recent history of Europe, it would be difficult to form an estimate. Charles Albert,

Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Napoleon III., Garibaldi, and others and still others unnamed here,[1] have all co-operated in their various ways and with various motives; larger masses of the total substance of the work, as the eye follows it in the palpable form of moving armies and falling thrones, have to be assigned to some of these than to Mazzini; and Mazzini's lifelong pursuit of his enterprise, but for their co-operation, might have been, in large measure, futile and fruitless. Yet, with all allowance, very much of the result *is* due to Mazzini. His defence of Rome against the French, taken as a single action, was a deed after his own heart, and of vast consequence. To me it has always seemed precisely the kind of deed which he was fitted to do, and which, but for the inspiration of his peculiar character, would not have

[1] Among the unnamed here, my father must have had in his thoughts his own two friends, Agostino Ruffini and Aurelio Saffi.—F. M.

been done at all, or not nearly so well. To fire a population, at a critical moment, up to the pitch of such a deed of desperation, and yet of duty, and to carry them through it, was, I believe, his most natural function in the world of hard action. In a settled Government, or even in a Government of ordinary struggle and difficulty, I do not think he would have so excelled. He was too intolerant, too tenacious of his own ideas, and these not the ideas that other able and honest men might have. Practical co-operation with him long in actual business by a sufficient number of men of any strength of will, and of tolerably good parts, would have been impossible. *Tenacity* is one of the words I would apply to Mazzini. He was the most *tenacious* man I ever met. But here, in his career of propagandism, was his superlative merit. As an Idealist in Italian politics, as the spiritual torch-

bearer of a great cause, he was unsurpassable. He ran with the torch, the same torch, for forty years; and, but for the Republican colour in the flame, it proved the right torch at last. The Unity of Italy! Who does not remember how that idea was derided in all our newspapers, attacked, written down, treated as a wild chimera? It is to Mazzini's credit that he had seized that idea when no other man had seized it, when the very Italians themselves held it to be naught; and that he kept it alive through good report and bad report, drove it by iteration and reiteration into the popular Italian consciousness, and even into the heads of statesmen, and persevered till he saw it triumph. Facts will take any course, I said some time ago. It is but a half-truth. Facts will always in the end flow in the channel of the deepest speculative perception. So far as most people will

now pronounce Mazzini's views about Italy to have been right theoretically, he had succeeded before he died.

Mazzini, it may be necessary to say, was more than the Italian Patriot, though he was that pre-eminently. His patriotism was the main outcome of a very powerful, original, and various mind. He was a Theosophist, a Philosopher, a Moralist, a Reasoner about everything from a definite system of First Principles, a Thinker on all subjects, a Universal Critic of Art and Literature. His general writings, partly collected and republished in conjunction with those appertaining to Italy and his own political life, illustrate sufficiently both the systematising habit of his mind and the wide range of his reading and culture. He knew something about everything. He had in his head a consecutive scheme of the History of the World.

He had an acquaintance with the chief Greek and Latin Poets, and with the characteristics of the chief English, Spanish, German, and even Slavonian, authors. In Italian Literature, and in contemporary French Literature, his knowledge was extensive and minute. He had at least looked into Kant and Hegel, and caught the essence of some of their abstractions. He was intelligent on subjects of Art, and especially of Music; and he had no objection to the last novelty in physical science. With all this universality of range, and abundance of casual allusion, his writings are somewhat disappointing to those who desire instruction rather than stimulation. The stimulation is in great over-proportion to the nutriment; and, on this very account, fails, after a while, even as stimulation. Vagueness; rapidity; the recurrence continually of one or other of a certain limited number of fixed

ideas, couched in impressive but nebulous phrases, such as "God and Humanity", "Progress", "the Unity which is the Soul of the Universe", "the infallibility involved in the idea of progression and of collective mankind", "faith in the tradition of your epoch and your nation", "the necessity in this age of a return from Dissolving Analysis to Creative Synthesis"; real eloquence, and sometimes startling dithyrambic power, in the presentation of these ideas, but the presentation of them always as axioms which there were a baseness in not accepting, while you admit their truth only so far, and would occasionally like a little explanation and proof; a certain literary thinness in the interspaces, and a rarity of those deep incisions of the pure intellect, those nuggets of facts and anecdote, those barbs of wit and fancy, that one expects in celebrated books. Such are perhaps the remarks that a severe

critic, accepting on hearsay Mazzini's title to be regarded as an extraordinary man, and examining his writings from consequent curiosity, would make about most of them. Similar remarks, however, would have to be made upon the writings of many men of that order of spiritual and political propagandists to which Mazzini belonged. And, indeed, compared with most such, Mazzini, as a writer, is brilliance itself. But Mazzini's purpose in being a writer at all, even when his themes were philosophical or literary, was not so much abstract investigation, or new and interesting literary production in competition with contemporary writers, as precisely the inculcation of those few fixed principles of his of which we have been speaking. He believed them to be applicable to Literature no less than to other things; and he wanted to work them into the literary, no less than into the political, conscience

of his time. It may be well, then, to give a handful of these Mazzinianisms, the working tenets of Mazzini's own life, which he desired to diffuse among his contemporaries and to leave behind him for others.

Mazzini was an ardent Theist. Without Religion, without faith in God and the habit of regarding all Nature and the whole course of Humanity as a manifestation of God, the World, he believed, was rotten, and life a ghastly farce. His favourite word for the opposite way of thinking, and for all mere acquiescence in customary Religion without real belief, was Materialism. This word, which he pronounced in a cutting Italian way (*Matérrialism*), was his constant name of reprobation for a great many men whose mental power he acknowledged. It was the counterpart, spiritually and intellectually, of Individualism and Macchiavellism in prac-

tice; and the world was full of Materialists, Individualists, Macchiavellists. The restoration of a real faith in God and His manifestation through Humanity, was the great reform necessary in every nation. All else would follow. For the manifestation of God through Humanity takes the form of Progress, which is the Evolution of the Thought of God; and Duty for all men, and every man, consists in aiding Progress, or co-operating with the Thought of God in its successive stages, — which cannot be if God is denied, the connexion of the ages with each other forgotten, or the clue not found. But the clue may be found. What the great collective heart of Humanity has always thought and desired, what every nation or people is aspiring after or struggling for, with that ought the individual to sympathise, in that he will find such approach to Absolute Truth as is possible, by that ought

he to rule his conscience. The isolation of the individual is absurd; it is immoral to suppose that the individual can serve God by leading a true life all within himself. Men speak of the domestic and family obligations and affections; but these are only the consolations of life, vouchsafed in the performance of its duties. The duties are forgetfulness of self, assent to the flow of the collective life, association with one's fellows, struggle always in the forward direction, strenuous participation in what is going on. Action, rather than contemplation, is man's business. Art and Literature themselves have been vitiated by the individualistic error, the dissociation of them from the common interests, the pursuit of them "for their own sakes", as if they *could* have "sakes" of their own. "What is Poetry? The consciousness of a past world and of a world to come!" Tried by this test, how many

poets had fulfilled their divine mission? Dante almost alone: with Shakespeare, and still more with Goethe, grave fault must be found: Byron and Victor Hugo of late had been really powerful and in the right track, but had fallen far short. Let poets and all other artists henceforth go into the thick of things for their themes and inspiration; and let them launch their songs and symbols, burning messengers of God's intentions, back into the thick of things. "The truly European writer must be a philosopher holding in his hand the poet's lyre." And for men of action, ordinarily so-called, statesmen and politicians, where was the doubt? To perceive the drift of the world, and to help it on practically by their devices and combinations, was the work for *them*. Could the drift be mistaken? Was it not the conclusion of the battle between Privilege and Equality in every form of that battle, so as by

the liberation of peoples from thraldom, their freedom within themselves, and their association with each other, to bring about the time when the motto "God and Humanity" would stand out in its full meaning? Nor must this battle be fought by the old agency of the Doctrine of Rights. That was a wretched doctrine, and must be superseded by the Doctrine of Duties. The liberty to perform duty is man's sole right. Every nation would have for a while its own special politics, depending on the particular questions agitated in it, and which it was called on to solve. Of all nations the Italian was best fitted to take the initiative in Europe. The Italian mind above all possessed the necessary characteristic of constant synthesis of thought and action; and twice already had Italy, giving the word from Rome, led the world. The notion of a French initiative in Europe was a disastrous fallacy of the time, which it had been Italy's

curse ever to have believed in, and which the New Italy must dash to pieces.

In private society Mazzini's habits were simple, kindly, affectionate, and sometimes even playful. He had a good deal of humour, and could tell a story, or hit off a character, very shrewdly and graphically, not omitting the grotesque points. There was a respectful tenderness in his manner towards women, which never interfered with the frankness he thought due to them on account of that theory of the rightful political coequality of the sexes which he had always advocated. Perhaps he was most happily seen, even by men, when one or more of several highly-gifted ladies, who knew him thoroughly and made his comfort their study, were present to preside and regulate, keep off the troublesome, and make the surroundings congenial and domestic. Either so, in a varied group round a fireside, or joining in a game at cards at a table, or else

more apart and smoking a cigar with one or two selected for that companionship, he was very ready to talk. The talk on such occasions was good, utterly unpedantic, about this or that as it happened, and often with whim and laughter. Inevitably, however, some topic would be started on which Mazzini would show his *tenacity*. It might be a question of Meyerbeer's music in comparison with Rossini's; or it might be anything else of seemingly smaller moment. Whatever it was, if Mazzini had an opinion, he would fight for it, insist upon it, make a little uproar about it, abuse you with mock-earnestness for believing the contrary. That would not last long; a laugh would end it; we knew Mazzini's way. But sometimes the difference would go deeper; and then it was not mock-earnestness, but real earnestness, that was evoked. Mazzini's talk, though never ill-natured, tended to be critical. In speaking of the

men or the writers he liked and admired most, he would arrive at their shortcomings, if he did not begin with them; and these shortcomings, of course, were their non-correspondence with his own absolute ideal. Hence, in avowing your own liking against his, in a case where your feelings were stirred, you might be tempted to put a shot into that ideal, or you might unawares assault one of its principles. Then he was down upon yourself. *You* also were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity: there was a touch of *Matérrialism* in you, though you did not know it: you were, at all events, an Individualist, or (what was as bad in Mazzini's vocabulary) a Classicist! Naturally, your pugnacity was roused by this, as he liked that it should be; and bang! another shot at his ideal, right at the centre-principle this time! You tried it perhaps in the form of an extremely abstract and metaphysical query as to the

validity of the Progress notion: "If the notion of Progress be an axiom, Mr Mazzini, must it not be an axiom only in reference to the totality of things? Why suppose Progress, or God's universal thought towards good, locked up in our earth, or in the procedure of that shred of creation called Humanity? What is Humanity but a leaf in the vast tree of leaves; and may not this leaf be blackening and dying while the whole tree grows and lives? May not some collective commotions and tendencies of Humanity be but the black spots, the signs of rot? If there is Progress in Humanity, in the sense of the evolution of God's universal thought of good, must it not be in some subtler and more complicated way than that of the vague axiom?" You did not mean to say all this; but you came to be glad you did. For then Mazzini broke out, and he grappled you with the yearning of an apostle, and yet with a rigour

of reasoning and an acuteness of analysis which you were hardly prepared to expect from your ordinary experience of him. One such occasion I particularly remember, on which for two hours there was a discussion of this kind so intimate and so eager that, though I went away unconvinced on the main point, it was with a sense that I had never before been engaged in such an exercise of give and take, or had my mind so raked and refreshed by the encounter. Few such conversations do men's habits of intercourse now allow; and more is the pity! Let it not be supposed, however, that an evening with Mazzini was always, or often, so severe a matter. Varied and interesting chat, with only the due dash of the very seriously Mazzinian, was the general rule; and you might light a second or a third cigar. It was late before you went away; and, on the rare occasions when he was not to remain after you were

gone, you might have his company for some little distance through the dark London streets. You parted then at the corner of some narrower street than usual, he going his way, and you yours. And now he sleeps for ever in Pisa, by the Leaning Tower, unless they remove his ashes to his native Genoa, or to the great Rome which he defended once, and which was the city of his heart of hearts. Farewell, Mazzini!

IV.

A LONDON CLUB.[1]

ONE evening in the year 1844, when I was in London, George Henry Lewes took me with him to a kind of literary club, or rather a gathering of literary acquaintances of his, which met from time to time in a house at the foot of Northumberland Street, that narrow street which struck off from Charing Cross and ran down from the Strand to the riverside. In an upper room of this house I found a number of men seated, some on chairs,

[1] These memories were dictated to me by my father, on winter evenings, six years ago. When they were written I read them aloud to him; and as they stood then, they are now printed.—F. M.

some on wooden benches, talking and smoking,—not more than twenty, perhaps, altogether. Lewes pointed out some of them to me. One was Douglas Jerrold, whom I had not seen before. There was a good deal of talk going on among them, but nothing of any special interest to me. I do not know what may have been the case on other occasions, but that evening was rather dull, though I had an impression that Douglas Jerrold was the talker most in request. That was my sole experience of this little gathering, which continued, I suppose, for a year or two after that. But in 1847, when I was again in London, I found that this occasional meeting of friends in the upper room in Northumberland Street had transmuted itself into a more regular club, called the *Museum Club*, probably because some of its chief members were readers in the British Museum. It rented a house in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, on the

right side of the street as you go down from St Martin's Lane, and near the Market; and it was a club of the usual sort, open all day as well as in the evenings, and where members could breakfast and dine. I became a member of this club. Though on a modest scale, it was a very useful club of its sort. There were a good many members,—perhaps a hundred or more altogether,—of whom a few used to dine there, and a considerable number used to meet in the evenings for talk and smoke in an upper room. Among the members who generally met there were Douglas Jerrold, again a kind of chief; Charles Knight, not so often; Hepworth Dixon; the Irish Moriarty; Captain Chesterton, the governor of Coldbath Fields Prison; T. K. Hervey, the editor of 'The Athenæum'; and, I think, Shirley Brooks. I remember a great many evenings of extremely interesting talk there, and a great deal of vivacity and brilliance among

its members; and I made a number of new acquaintances after I joined the club, some of them rather useful to me. For example, T. K. Hervey, at one of the first meetings at which I was present, asked me whether I would care to contribute to 'The Athenæum'; and, on hearing that I should be very glad to do so, promised to send me a book now and then to review. And I remember what he then said to me:—

"I have nothing more to say than this: When I send you a book, say exactly what you think of it; and if you don't like it, if you think it bad, say so—even if it should be my own brother's."

The consequence of this talk was that I became a regular contributor to 'The Athenæum', hardly a week passing in which I did not have something or other in that paper so long as T. K. Hervey continued to be editor, after which time I did little or nothing for it. At the

time, this was an arrangement of some consequence to me.

So, for a year or two, the Museum Club prospered. But eventually a good many of its original members had ceased to use the club, and the subscriptions dropped off. We began to be afraid of financial embarrassment; and the committee, of which I was a member at the time, resolved to wind up the club rather than get into debt. Accordingly, the club was wound up: the furniture was sold. There was a sale, I remember, of some of the articles of furniture among the members themselves on the premises, Moriarty acting as auctioneer; and the result was that we avoided getting into debt, and, after paying up everything, we found ourselves the possessors of £30 or £40 balance, which sum was presented as a gift to our secretary, Mr Anthony Crosby.

So that was the end of the Museum

Club. But, after a time, the members who had most frequented it began to miss the evenings there, and the opportunities of meeting each other. A few of them, talking over this, called a meeting to consider the experiment of forming a dining club,—a club merely for the purpose of dining together. Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, if I remember, were the chief movers; and a club of about twenty was formed as a nucleus—all the chief frequenters of the Museum Club, with Frederick William Hamstede, who had been a member of the Museum Club, as our honorary secretary. We dined together once a week, the place of meeting changing once or twice, but after a time fixing itself in a hotel in Vere Street, off Oxford Street. There was some hesitation, also, as to the name by which we should call ourselves; in fact, I do not think we had a name at all at first. One evening Mr Gould, the great

ornithologist, chanced to be present as a guest, and it was suggested we should call ourselves "the Humming Birds";—but that was a passing whim. The name actually adopted at last was "the Hooks and Eyes"; and under that name we did meet for a considerable time, and very vivacious and pleasant the meetings were. So much so, that there came to be candidates for membership; and this led once more to a change of place, and to our settling at last on Clunn's Hotel in Covent Garden as our place of meeting, and on the name "Our Club".

"Our Club" continued to exist all the time I was a resident in London, with Hamstede always as its honorary secretary,—a most flourishing club, and with growing membership and popularity. It continued to exist long after I left it in 1865; for aught I know, it may exist to this day. The club early acquired a kind of celebrity of its own. A frugal

club in the way of food and drink, it was one of those clubs for conviviality pure and simple which have existed down all the ages. Its special characteristics were a perpetual brilliant chaff and repartee; a wit, a banter, a certain habit of mutual fooling; a constant friendly warfare of the various nationalities which met there,—all difficult to describe, impossible to reproduce now, but very pleasant to remember.

> " . . . What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid ! "[1]

I always think Shakespeare might perhaps have been thinking of this same sort of thing when he made Sir Andrew Aguecheek say—

"In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. . . ."

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[1] Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson in 1616, about a greater club than "Ours".—F. M.

I can scarcely give a list of my fellow-members of Our Club in any chronological order; but I may mention some of those whom I remember as belonging to it between the years 1850 and 1865. The founders were certainly Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight. I do not remember Charles Knight as being there very often, though I can recall his presence on occasions, and his benevolent face and silver hair. The real founder, and the member that gave Our Club its most characteristic feature to the time of his death in 1857, was Douglas Jerrold, to whom we shall return later. After these, we may group them miscellaneously.

Among the lawyers was George Jessel, afterwards Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, and perhaps the ablest and profoundest judge of his generation, but who was then a quiet and rather taciturn member, pretty frequent in his attendances, but by no means one of our most

active or brilliant members. Then there was Henry Hawkins (afterwards Sir Henry Hawkins and Lord Brampton), whom Douglas Jerrold made the subject of one of his little jokes. Hawkins was at this time remarkable for wearing his hair extremely close cropped,—a fashion usual enough now, but then noticeable. This became the theme of Jerrold's pleasantry; and he circulated in Our Club a story about Hawkins. One day, the story ran, Hawkins was taking a walk in the environs of London, and stopped to watch a game of skittles that was going on in the little garden of a country public-house. The affable landlord invited him to join the game, and this Hawkins did. All went pleasantly enough till Hawkins removed his hat, when the landlord's manner suddenly changed, and he curtly requested Hawkins to "leave the premises at once". Hawkins, astonished and indignant, asked why this sudden change of

demeanour. The landlord sullenly persisted, and at last blurted out the explanation. Hawkins must "clear out—*they didn't want no jail-birds there!*"

Then there was Humffreys Parry, afterwards Serjeant Parry, a portly and dignified presence in the club; and Frederick Lawrence, who wrote a Life of Fielding. I remember Lawrence was the recipient of a presentation (it was a penny tin mug, presented with a great deal of mock solemnity) at one of the dinners of Our Club, at which, owing to the illness of Shirley Brooks, I took the chair. And there were other lawyers—W. H. Cooke; and Crowdy the Solicitor; and Sir Richard Couch, to whom we gave a farewell dinner, at which also I took the chair, before he left for India to succeed Sir Mordaunt Wells.

Among the medical men were Dr Ramskill and Ernest Hart and Dr Sibson and Percy the metallurgist. Both

of these last were educated partly at Edinburgh University, with Edward Forbes for a fellow-student; and both were enthusiastic in their recollections of Edinburgh.

And among the literary men were Jerrold, of course, and Charles Knight and Mark Lemon; Shirley Brooks; Dr Doran; Peter Cunningham — the author of the Handbook of London — and his brother the Colonel; the two Mayhews, Henry and his brother Horace; Thackeray, who, after Jerrold's death, took his place in the club as its undoubted chief; the Belgian Consul, de le Pierre; Hepworth Dixon; James Hannay; Charles Dickens, junior; Cordy Jeaffreson; William Jerrold, Douglas Jerrold's son; and Charles Kenney. Once, when Shirley Brooks took the chair on a Shakespeare Day, he came primed with a particularly apt quotation from Shakespeare for each member of the Club.

Of publishers, we had Robert Cooke; F. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of 'Punch', who was known among us as "Pater";[1] Charles Knight; and Robert Chambers.

There were a good many artists and musicians—Joseph Durham the sculptor; Solomon Hart and E. M. Ward, Royal Academicians; and Davison, the musical critic, who composed the music to Shelley's "False Friend, wilt thou smile or weep?" and Keats's "In a drear-nighted December".

Of men of science there were Frank Buckland, and Trenham Reeks, of the School of Mines; and we had some actors—Holl and Keeley and Benjamin Webster. Among the amusing incidents that Hamstede used to recall was Jerrold's proposal from the chair, "Holl shall take Keeley off", and the wonderful imitation which followed.

[1] "Good 'evans", Douglas Jerrold used to call him.—F. M.

Of city men we had a few—Edwin Lawrence and Samuel Ward and Tomalin; and among those who may be called non-descript were the brilliant Irish Moriarty; William Hazlitt, son of the critic; Captain Chesterton; M. J. O'Connell; Maclure; and Hamstede, our secretary.

I remember Charles Lever among our visitors, and Francis Mahony, "Father Prout",—a quiet, gentle, little Jesuitical figure, whose health Jerrold proposed "in connexion with" something or other, after the fashion of the day; and I remember Mahony in return proposed Jerrold's health "in connexion with"—Billingsgate! It was not till long afterwards that I associated Francis Mahony with the sweet persuasiveness of

> "The Bells of Shandon,
> They sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee".

Borrow, of gipsy fame, was a visitor of Our Club; and Sir Daniel Macnee, and

Carruthers of Inverness, and Matthews of Sheffield, who presented every member of the club with a most excellent pocket-knife. And Flower, the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, used to come up to town for our Shakespeare dinners.

Of singing men, we counted a good many. Maclure's two songs that I best remember were "The Lowlands Low"—

> "There was a ship, and a gallant ship was she,
> Hip diddle dee, and the Lowlands Low,
> And she was called the Golden Vanitee
> As she sailed for the Lowlands Low"—

and his supremely beautiful rendering of "Wandering Willie". Thackeray used to sing "Little Billee" and "Doctor Martin Luther". Durham the sculptor's song was "Nan of Horsley Down", and Hazlitt's the Wiltshire songs, "Botany Bay", and another—something about—

> "Over the mountains as is so high,
> If he hollow, I will follow!"

and—

"I will never forget my own true love,
Nor in any wy—his name deny!"

Dibdin sang us his grandfather's, "Sea-song Dibdin's", songs; and Horace Mayhew used to give us Thackeray's "Mahogany Tree";—who can forget its swing?—

"Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free;
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree".

But Mayhew's grand achievement was the "Marseillaise".[1] M. J. O'Connell did not sing, but he used to recite for us Thackeray's "Battle of Limerick";

[1] Mr Cordy Jeaffreson says Mayhew sang the "Marseillaise" with "a passion which made his hearers feel as though the hymn were being chanted by a thousand voices". Mr Cordy Jeaffreson's memories of "Our Club", of which he was a member long after 1865, are not all so loyal or so pleasant.—F. M.

and I still remember the irresistible tone of his—

"Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a Line,
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar".

Douglas Jerrold was over forty when I first met him in 1844. He was a little man with a stoop, and a very striking face; an aquiline, eager look; with fair hair, which he would sometimes dash aside with his hands;—altogether, a man like a little Nelson, with his courageous look. He was, when I first knew him, at the height of his fame and reputation, after having had a hard and struggling life;—first as a middy in our navy, then, after the peace, as printer in a London printing office. With his theatrical connexion—his father had been manager of a small provincial theatre—he took to writing for various smaller theatres; and by this time he was known as the author

of various plays and novels, as a magazine writer, and a writer in newspapers. Since 1841 he had been one of the chief of the 'Punch' staff. He had started a magazine and a paper of his own, and after 1852 he was editor of 'Lloyd's'. He had, in fact, fought his way to a literary celebrity. People are apt to remember him too little, or only as an ill-tempered, waspish man; but that is not a fair recollection of Douglas Jerrold. He was, in his time, a wit above all others; in a "wit combat" none of the others could stand before him. He was also a man of immense energy and heart. He had a large and generous nature, and could never brook anything petty or mean. I always remember how, on one occasion at the club, a certain member[1] sent the club-boy downstairs to fetch some book

[1] Who had himself struggled up from the beginnings of things, and ought to have remembered his own poor boyhood.—F. M.

or newspaper, and called out after the little fellow in an offensive manner, "I suppose you can read!" And Douglas Jerrold suddenly blazed out, his own sensitiveness hurt on the boy's behalf;—"Sir", he cried, "you have a coarse mind!"

Jerrold had taught himself some Latin, and had read a great deal in his boyhood, not only among the dramatists; for I remember he had a special liking for Wordsworth. But chiefly I remember him, above his wit, as a fiery little man,—a fiery, big-hearted, energetic, generous soul.

I was myself an eye-witness of one generous action of Douglas Jerrold's.[1] I remember the occasion also as being my first meeting with Dickens. It was at a dinner in the old Garrick Club in King Street, Covent Garden, given by Mr

[1] This is recorded also by Dickens himself in a letter incorporated in William Jerrold's Life of his father, p. 337.—F. M.

Humffreys Parry, a member also of Our Club. It was my first visit to the Garrick, of which afterwards, when it was in its new building, I became a member. Parry had asked some ten or a dozen of us, among whom were Douglas Jerrold as Parry's chief guest, Charles Knight I think, Hamstede, and some others whom I forget. The dinner was in the strangers' room of the Old Garrick, and our table a long one in the middle of the room; but there were two smaller tables in two of the corners of the room, at both of which smaller parties were dining. One of these parties left early; the other consisted of Albert Smith, of Alpine fame, Charles Dickens, and a third person, whose name I did not learn. The dinner at our table in the middle of the room was going on in the usual way, with a good deal of brilliant talk, Jerrold, as Parry's chief guest, being seated at Parry's right hand; and between the corner of our table where

Jerrold sat, and the smaller table at which Albert Smith and Dickens were seated, there was but a narrow passage for the waiters—I suppose it may have been the historic "Hamlet" of the Garrick and his assistants—to pass to and fro. And Dickens was so seated at the smaller table that he and Jerrold were almost exactly back to back. It was while our dinner was going on that my neighbour at table—I think Hamstede—remarked to me that it was rather awkward they should be so seated, there having been a quarrel between them, arising out of the theatrical performances given in aid of some Dramatists' Fund; so that they had not spoken to each other for some considerable time. Certainly, all the while the dinners were going on, there was no communication between Jerrold and Dickens; and it looked as if that would be the case throughout the evening. But suddenly Jerrold wheeled round in his chair, clapped

Dickens on the shoulder, and said quite audibly, "Charlie, my boy, how are you?"[1] — on which Dickens wheeled round too, holding out both his hands to Jerrold in most cordial reconciliation. He had probably been waiting for this reconciliation, but had left it to Jerrold, as the older man, to make the first overture.

There was much interest, of course, taken by all present in this occurrence; and the two dinner-parties joined, and became one for the rest of the evening. When we rose to go, Jerrold introduced me to Dickens, who, in his satisfaction at the happy termination of the estrangement, took me by the arm and walked round the room with me, pointing out this and that one of the dramatic por-

[1] In Dickens's own account of this, given in a letter to William Jerrold after his father's death, these words are not given; but my father heard these words, spoken audibly to all; and the other words, which Dickens remembered, were probably added for his own hearing alone.—F. M.

traits which hung on its walls, and for which it was famous. Though I saw him several times again, and dined more than once in his company, this was my only real meeting with Charles Dickens.

It was Douglas Jerrold who got up the great presentation to Louis Kossuth, in the Freemasons' Hall in Long Acre.[1] I had met Kossuth some years before that, at the house of Mr and Mrs Stansfeld, who were then living in Sidney Place, Brompton. It had been arranged between them and Mazzini that Kossuth was to come one evening. He did come, accompanied by his A.D.C.,—as Dictator

[1] William Jerrold, in his Life of his father, p. 251, gives it as at the London Tavern. Douglas Jerrold had got up a penny subscription as a popular tribute "to the genius of the man who had stirred our nation's heart." By Jerrold the "people's pence" were slowly collected, and the money was sufficient to buy and bind the volumes, and to purchase a casket, made out of inlaid woods, in the model of Shakespeare's house. The presentation was made by Douglas Jerrold, at a great meeting on May 8, 1853, at which Lord Dudley Stuart took the chair.—F. M.

of Hungary he kept up some little state. He sat on the sofa in the drawing-room, in which were not many people; two or three ladies besides Mrs Stansfeld,—perhaps a dozen persons altogether. One of the ladies, talking with him as he was sitting on the sofa, said something about "that traitor Görgey",[1] and Kossuth said, I remember, in his fine, slow English: "Well, Görgey was a traitor, but he was not a voolgar traitor. Görgey was a very ambissi-oos man; so ambissi-oos that, if any one had said to him, 'Görgey, you sit here, in the chief place', he would not have taken that place, because he would not be *put*, in the first place even, by any other person. He was a very ambissi-oos man, Görgey."

I think it was Mazzini himself who told me another story illustrating Kossuth's

[1] The Hungarian Görgey, whom Kossuth had appointed commander-in-chief, surrendered to the Russians, Aug. 13, 1849.—F. M.

pretty readiness in the English language. It was the time when Pierce was President, and there was some feeling about the distressed nationalities in America; and the American Ambassador Buchanan (afterwards President himself) had been desired to show whatever quiet attention could be shown to the nationalities. So the Consul (I do not remember his name) had invited some of the refugees to dinner; —Mazzini, Kossuth, Garibaldi, whose ship was in the Thames, a Pole or two, and Ledru Rollin. The Consul's wife was taken in to dinner by Kossuth; and she had put cards round the table in the places of her other guests,—there were no other ladies. But just before dinner, Ledru Rollin, who, though he had lived for some time in England, spoke no English, had said to Mazzini that he hoped he might sit near to him. So Mazzini had gone in before him, and had somehow managed to change the

cards so as to place Ledru Rollin next to himself. When the Consul's wife remarked the change in her arrangements, she said something, and I suppose she seemed a little disturbed. Kossuth, seeing his hostess was a little vexed, said prettily, "Never mind, Madame; if you knew Mazzini as well as we do, you would know he must always be making his little révo-lu-tions!"

I believe—I wish I could be quite sure—that Mazzini himself told me this story.

But I have a special reason for remembering the great meeting at which Douglas Jerrold made the presentation to Louis Kossuth. The presentation was to take the form of Charles Knight's edition of Shakespeare, handsomely bound. Kossuth was known to be a student of Shakespeare. It was told of him—I do not know with what truth—that Shakespeare's plays had been his companions in his prison.

Some days—perhaps a week—before this meeting, Kossuth wrote to Frank Newman, who was then a Professor in University College like myself, and a very strong politician, and interested in all the distressed nationalities, and with whom Kossuth had formed an acquaintance. This was the purport of Kossuth's letter:—

He had heard that Mr Douglas Jerrold was to make the presentation at the approaching meeting; and of course he, Kossuth, would have to make some reply to what Mr Jerrold might say. And he knew that Jerrold was a man of literary reputation in this country, but he did not know any particulars—what place he held in literature; and he, Kossuth, would be much obliged if Professor Newman would give him the necessary information. Professor Newman sent on Kossuth's letter to me, saying that he was really very much in the dark himself, and could

hardly supply the information, but that he had no doubt I should be able to do so. So I took the trouble to write a longish letter—perhaps two note-sheets,—telling all the necessary particulars about Douglas Jerrold, mentioning his various writings, his connection with 'Punch', &c., but laying particular stress on his being a dramatist. Perhaps I gave a list of his plays; but I particularly mentioned one I was best acquainted with, having seen it acted—"Time Works Wonders". And while I was mentioning that play in particular, it occurred to me to mention that one of the characters in the play,—a certain Miss Tucker, I think,—who after having been head of a young ladies' seminary finds herself in the position of a subordinate or dependant, is in the habit of harping on this, and of bringing this phrase into her conversation—"People who live in other people's houses, you understand . . ."

I sent the letter, if I remember rightly, to Frank Newman, who must have sent it on to Kossuth. For when the meeting came about, after Douglas Jerrold had made the presentation, Kossuth made a long and exceedingly brilliant speech in acknowledgment. His English was always very subtle English, and his speeches were characterised, I should say, by their high sentiment and exquisite expression. I have always remembered one passage in one of his speeches which I read in the papers at the time it was made, describing the common soldiers of the Hungarian army; in which he pictured them, and their silent heroic part in the great struggle, and ended with—"And so they lived; and so they died;—*the Un-named Demigods!*"

Well, on the evening of the presentation, the main part of Kossuth's speech being, of course, political, the first part of it was an acknowledgment of the

gift which had been made to him, and more especially the honour done him by the fact that Mr Jerrold had made the presentation. And, to my surprise, almost every particle of the information given him in my letter to Frank Newman was worked into his speech, even to the quotation, — instantly appreciated by the audience, and bringing down a storm of applause, — the favourite phrase of Miss Tucker in "Time Works Wonders": "People who live in other people's houses, you understand . . ."

That quotation he turned most cleverly to account, saying that, with application to his own case, of course he had to be very guarded and cautious in his expression on some political points, in the existing state of the relations of our country to Foreign Powers: "because, you know, *people who live in other people's houses*" (these words used with a most humorous

irony) ". . . are not entitled to have opinions of their own", and so on.

At the end of the meeting, when I stood beside Jerrold and others who had been on the platform, there was some mention of the clever application of Jerrold's own phrase; and Jerrold said, "Oh, somebody must have put him up to that, —it couldn't have been his own!"

I kept the secret; and Jerrold never knew it.

We, at Our Club, were all hearing of Douglas Jerrold as being ill: for a week or so he had not appeared among us,—we may have met once or twice in the interval,—and some anxiety was felt about him. Then, suddenly, we heard that he was dead; and then we were bidden to his funeral.[1]

[1] There is an account of Douglas Jerrold's last illness in the letter from Charles Dickens to William Jerrold already referred to.—F. M.

I was one of the mourners about his grave when he was buried in Norwood Cemetery,—as near as was possible to his friend Blanchard. There was a very large gathering; members of Our Club, all the 'Punch' people, and many friends and acquaintances generally,—in all, a very large gathering. I remember the people waiting about the gates before we went into the cemetery, and standing about while the first part of the service was going on; and that all of us could not get into the chapel, which was on a height. Afterwards we formed a procession, stepping slowly downwards along the path, which curved as it approached the grave. So, as I walked, I could see the coffin borne slowly onwards and downwards. Dickens was one of the pall-bearers, bareheaded, and his hair slightly blown back by the breeze. And a little way behind him came Thackeray, also bareheaded, tall among the rest,

like Saul the son of Kish,—a head taller than any of his fellows.

Though we were members of Our Club, and had dined together there and at the Gresham, it was not till a year or two after Jerrold's death that I made Thackeray's acquaintance. As early as the year 1851 I had written an article on 'Pendennis' and 'David Copperfield' in 'The North British Review', and had received letters from Dickens and Thackeray in acknowledgment. I do not remember Dickens's reply — there was nothing particular about it; but Thackeray's was interesting, because in it he spoke so enthusiastically of Dickens, and of his "divine kind of genius".[1]

At all our meetings, at the Garrick and at Our Club, Thackeray always seemed to me — in spite of his light

[1] Both these letters are extant. "I think Mr Dickens has in many things quite a divine genius, so to speak", are the actual words.—F. M.

humour, and his habitual nickname of "Thack" among his friends — to be a man apart; a sad and highly sensitive man; a man with whom nobody could take a liberty.

It was at one of the larger dinners of Our Club, — it may have been a Shakespeare Birthday Dinner,—about the year 1860,— that I chanced to sit next to Thackeray; and in the intervals of the speeches we had a good deal of quiet talk. But, in Our Club gatherings, there was often a lapse into what we called the "war of the nationalities", which consisted of good-humoured mutual chaff and banter between the English members and the two or three Scottish and Irish members of the club. It may have been this that somehow suggested the following bit of Thackeray's talk with me.

"D'ye know", he said, "that though I can describe an Irishman perfectly, I never could describe a Scotchman?"

I reminded him of Mr Binnie.

"Oh", he said, "that's not what I mean: that's a mere facsimile of a man I know; a mere description from life. But what I mean is, I couldn't *invent* a Scotchman: I should go wrong. But oh! I'm quite at home with the Irish character! I know the Irish thoroughly. The best friend I ever had in the world —the nicest and most delightful fellow I ever knew in the world—was an Irishman. But, d'ye know, he was a great rascal! I'll tell you how he served me once. He was in low water, and was always coming to me to borrow a sovereign or two, when I hadn't many to spare. But he was such a dear delightful fellow, it was quite a pleasure to lend them to him. One day, however, he came to me and said, 'I say, Thack, you're a writer for magazines. Now, I've got a paper that I think would suit a magazine, and I wish you'd get

it into one of them for me, because I'm hard-up at present, and a few guineas would come in handy'. I took his paper, and actually kept one of my own papers out of 'Fraser's Magazine' of the coming month, though it was rather a considerable sacrifice for me at the time, in order to get my friend's paper in. Oh! you've no idea what a nice delightful fellow that was! Well, the paper appeared; and it was perhaps a week or two after the beginning of the month before I next stepped into Fraser the publisher's shop. I thought Fraser looked rather glum when I went in; but I did not know the cause till he said,—

"'Well, this is a pretty affair, Mr Thackeray!'

"'What affair?' I asked.

"'Why, that paper of your friend's, in this number!'

"'What about it?' I said.

"He went to a drawer, and took out

a newspaper clipping, and asked me to look at it. I did; and I found, to my horror, that my friend's paper was denounced as a barefaced plagiarism. It had been copied *verbatim* from an article that had appeared in some other periodical. The date and all other particulars were given.

"I was of course greatly annoyed, and indeed excessively angry; and I thought, 'Well, I must cut the fellow for ever; there's no getting on with him'. I took the clipping with me, and went straight to my friend's rooms, intending to blow him up, once for all, and have done with him. I showed him the clipping, and declared his behaviour to have been scandalous. What do you think he did? He laughed in my face, and treated the whole affair as a capital joke!

"That's how my Irish friend served me: but oh! he was the nicest friend, the

dearest, most delightful fellow, I ever knew in the world!"

And then Thackeray went on to speak more seriously of the Irish, and of his intimate knowledge of, and his great liking for, them. And among other things, he said there was one most likeable quality that he had observed in them, and it was this: that there would never be found an Irishman anywhere in the world so low down but there was some other Irishman, still lower down, depending on him, and whom he was assisting.

I ventured to suggest that there was no great difference between the Irish and the Scotch in this respect; for it might be said of the Scotch (I said I preferred to put it in the reverse way) that there was no Scotsman anywhere in the world so high up, but there was some other Scotsman, still higher up, whom he was looking up to, and being helped by; that, in fact, to blend his observation and mine,

the world might be said to be a kind of Jacob's ladder, with ascending and descending angels upon it. Thackeray laughed; and at this point our talk ended.

I was not at Thackeray's funeral; but I remember writing the article in 'The Daily Telegraph' on Thackeray's death. At that time Thornton Hunt was the chief man on that paper; and he wanted me to join the staff. I remember that the younger Mr Lawson called on me at our house in Finchley and asked me to do so; the suggestion being that I should attend a sort of committee daily at one o'clock to decide on the articles for next day's paper. It was not possible for me to do this; but I did write one or two articles for them. One of these was on Thackeray's death; and then they wanted me to write an article that would have helped to get a man hanged, and I refused to do it; and somehow I dropped

writing for 'The Daily Telegraph' after that.

There is one man who remains in my memory as identified with the history of Our Club during the whole time of my connection with it, as I am sure he does in the memory of any surviving members of the club as it existed in those days. That man is Frederick William Hamstede. He was a little man, partly, in some way, of Prussian descent, who, in consequence of some accident in his childhood, was extremely lame,—so lame that walking any distance was difficult to him, and he generally went about in a cab. He had some connexion with the City, in the business of coffee-planting in Ceylon; and by a fortunate speculation in the St John del Rey Gold Mining Company, when that was first started, he had a very sufficient annual income for his modest wants. Though in no way a literary man himself, he had somehow — perhaps during his

membership of the Museum Club—contracted a passion for companionship with men of literary celebrity; and Douglas Jerrold, certainly from the time of the Museum Club, had more particularly fascinated him. There could not have been a better appointment to the secretaryship of Our Club than when Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight asked Hamstede to take that office. Nothing could exceed his zeal for the club, his punctuality in sending out missives, and keeping the members of it together. If there had been a small attendance for a week or two, a missive from Hamstede was sure to be sent to the members to bring them together again in something like full force; and if anything occurred to make a particular coming meeting more than usually attractive—such as the prospect of some lion's presence—that fact would be communicated to each member in good time as a special whip-up for that evening. In

the meetings he sat himself, taking but a modest share in the talk, though always in a kindly and sensible manner, but intensely enjoying whatever was going on. He lived in rooms at No. 3 Adam Street, Adelphi, which rooms he kept to the last, taking some pains, I believe, to retain them as a permanent home. He kept a record of the proceedings of the club for his own amusement;—a good deal of it in a kind of doggerel rhyming verse of which he was fond. Douglas Jerrold had a real affection for "little Hamstede." So had Thackeray;—Thackeray's affection avowed, and taking the form often of a defence of Hamstede against ill-natured depreciation of him by some people on account of his sad deformity and his simple foibles. He was a member also of the Garrick Club and of the Gresham Club in the City; and nothing pleased him more than to get a few of the literary members of Our Club and of the Garrick to dine as

visitors at a committee dinner of the Gresham. I was three or four times at such dinners, each time with the same three fellow-guests — Douglas Jerrold, Moriarty, and Thackeray. At Gresham committee dinners the speciality was port wine. The secretary of the Gresham used to send down the table bottle after bottle, specially labelled and dated, beginning with the latest approved vintage, and going back to the earliest in the Gresham stock. We used to call it "walking backwards among the ports". The oldest vintage was, I remember, 1820; for though they had been in possession of some of the "Comet Port" (1811), their stock of this had been for a long time exhausted.

It was not till near 1865, when the first generation was a thing of the past and a new generation had arisen, in which Thackeray had succeeded Jerrold as the undoubted magnate of Our Club, that Hamstede resigned the secretaryship and

was succeeded by Charles Dickens, junior. His growing infirmity was partly the cause of this; but another cause was probably that he did not reconcile himself to some of the younger members and new conditions.

When I left London in 1865 "Little Hamstede" was still a notable figure in the club, and often in his place at its meetings. But he must soon after have retired altogether. The fact reached me, with the intelligence also that he was no longer able to go about in his own fashion, even in a cab, but was confined to his rooms in the Adelphi. So when I was in London I made it a point to call on Hamstede, and must have called two or three times at intervals of about a year. I found him in poor health and spirits, his heart always in the past of the club, and his speech about that and little else. The last time of all that I called on him the effect was even painful.

Still the club, and the old days, and Jerrold, and Charles Knight, and Moriarty, and Thackeray, and this man and that man; and "Don't you remember this?" and "Don't you remember that?" He could speak and think of nothing else:—

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see:
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
We sing to your dust;
We sing round the tree".

It was during that visit that Hamstede gave me a little leather manuscript-book containing jottings of his club recollections, in a small and very neat handwriting, and in that doggerel rhymed verse which was his much-loved form of literary expression.[1]

[1] In this little book all the members of Our Club find a place as they sat at their "wit combats" in Clunn's Hotel, in Covent Garden.—F. M.

But Hamstede's memory, on that day when I sat with him in the Adelphi and he gave me this little manuscript-book, turned with a special kind of melancholy fervour to Thackeray—then already for a year or two dead. He took out of his pocket, I remember, a silver pencil-case which Thackeray had given him, and which he evidently cherished as the most precious relic in his possession. And as he looked at it, and still spoke of Thackeray and of Thackeray's kindness to him, he burst into tears.

I took my leave of him, much touched; and that was the last I saw of the good little Hamstede.

THE END.

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